



## Dancing and Floating: A Pennywise Story by Rapora

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**Summary:** Our heroine has been having strange dreams for months. Dreams that are making her get away for the holidays to seek solitude. However, it might not be up to her when she gets there or how long she stays. Maybe this trip has been planned long before she knew about it.

# 1. Chapter 1: Road Trip

## Chapter 1: Road Trip

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"uggggghhhhhh" .....I moaned in exhaustion once my butt made contact with my car seat. I had finished my shift and every part of my body ached.

I had been looking forward to having some 'me' time for the last week. This time of the year was always the busiest. The days and weeks leading up to Christmas always brings out the weird and super lonely. Some might call what I do shameful and disgusting. I call it a way to pay the bills. I have been working as an exotic dancer for the last 4 years. As much as I enjoy the steady flow of income, stripping is not my passion. Dancing, yes, just not stripping. The truth was, I wasn't sure what I wanted out of my life. I guess I'm supposed to want to have the picket fence, minivan loaded with my offspring while cheerios and forgotten french fries litter the floor.

Ugh, GOD, anything but that, I thought while letting out a sigh.

Who am I kidding? This isn't the life I wanted either. The life I'm leading now is just as boring, even as an exotic dancer, I thought to myself. It's always the same thing every day. Wake up, get dressed, go to work, fake it for 8+ hours, go home to the dog, go to sleep.

Rinse and repeat.

Up, dressed, work, fake, home, sleep.

After working 8 straight days in a row, enough was enough. Now, I was looking forward to some time completely away from people. Just recently, I made the decision to drive up north for a few days, with the dog, and see where we ended up. The idea of sleeping in, lazy days, hanging out with only my dog, Olivia, had me racing home.

I pulled my car into the driveway and saw a familiar outline of the pup in question staring at me from out the window. I knew I would never be able to find a man or anyone who would be as excited to see

me as this dog. Who needs friends and lovers when you have slobbery kisses and couch cuddles available 24/7? Neither I or the dog noticed the pair of eyes watching me from the bushes across the street. I popped my keys in the door and was immediately overwhelmed with dog nose and dancing feet.

"Okay girl, okay, hello to you too" I reached down to say. I like to think that Olivia found me. She showed up at my back door one day, 3-4 months old, cold, hungry and just starved for attention. My neighbors love her because they knew her and her personality. When I took her out for walks people would cross the street to get away from us. The stripper and the pit bull. What a great pair we are. Coming into the kitchen, Olivia plopped back down on her bed. She stared at me while I started to make us dinner, all the while giving her a rundown of my night at work.

"...and this other regular, you remember, the bald guy with the Ned Flanders voice? So he asked again for a private dance and twice I had to smack his hand away until the bouncer..." I went on.

I knew she could care less what I had to say as she happily ate her food out of her bowl. I start at my own dish picking at the salad I had whipped up for myself. After 5 bites I sat back in the chair, chewing slowly. I just wish things were easier. My life wasn't hard by any means. But there was always that voice in the back of my mind. Calling out to me but never quite able to make out the words. It always sounded like it was telling me to go, go, go. Leave. Don't look back. Come find me.

My dreams were the same way. It was as if the universe was trying to get me to listen by any means it could find. Every few months I'd have the same dream. In it, I was walking ...looking for something I held dear. But it was getting dark. And I was crying. I didn't want to be alone. I didn't want to be left behind. I didn't want to be lost anymore. Every time the same. Every time I'd wake up and feel this overwhelming urge to cry out like I was never going to be happy again. I clutched Olivia tighter in bed that night as I hoped to use the dog somehow as a protective shield from my own nightmares.

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"AHHH" I yelled coming awake and sitting up in bed.

The dream had come again. This time something was different. It had been so much clearer this time. I still wasn't sure what my heart was broken over. At least now it gave me a direction.

North. I needed to drive north.

I told my boss I was taking a week vacation once my next day off came up. He didn't dare give me shit knowing I was going to be working Christmas Eve AND New Year's Eve. Strip clubs were packed on these nights and serious money made it in my pocket.... well, thong. Mostly full of lonely men who had no real family or just families they couldn't stand one more second longer with. Take one of my regulars for example. Who I comically referred to as, 'Ned Flanders'. It was the way he dressed really. Very Sunday church best, if you will. He never wore a ring, but I knew. I could see his fake tan line every time he paid for his private dances. As if he wanted me to view him as single and available. Gross, shuddering after I finished the song for "Ned". This was the first dance in a long time that I had given my routine a bit more shake and hair flips. I was trying extra hard to squeeze out a few more bills out of "Ned Flanders" to allow me more spending cash for my trip. I knew if I gave him more eye contact like he liked I might even manage to liberate him from some bigger bills. As if on queue, he leans down and shove a \$100 my way! Wow, someone was feeling it tonight.

"Thanks, doll" I purred at him. The whole thing was a lie. I batted every eyelash and purred at everyone who handed me money. Like I said, they pay the bills.

"No, Tiffany, baby", he said using my stage name. I took the name from the Bride of Chucky. Oh, how I loved that movie. "Thank YOU. Mmmm, you sure you won't let me give you an early Christmas present? If you just come and see it in my car after your shift..." he wistfully added. Seriously, he had been asking me this for the last few nights now. Did he seriously think I would just go with him to his car? Creeper.

I peeked a quick glance over at Pat, our bouncer, and glanced upwards. It was a dancer's signal that we might have need of him. Pat, knowing how clingy Ned Flanders was to me, got to us rather quickly.

"Hey, buddy, we're about 6 minutes to close up. How about you tip the lady and I see you off home?" Pat announced to both of us once we made his way over to the booth area.

"uh, yea.... um.... sure thing", "Ned" Flanders reached into his wallet and tossed me another \$100 bill without even looking at what it was. I snatched it before it hit the ground and shoved it in my red thong before there could be any objection to the extra cash he just gave me. "Ned" stood up and gave me a wink and proceeded to be lead out by Pat.

Score! My mind triumphantly shouted as I made my way into the dressing rooms. At my locker, I got a chance to count out my nights' work. Sweet! That extra big of wiggling for "Ned" pushed me past \$800.

Just a few more hours and then I can start my 'me' time.

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So here we are full circle. I lay there, staring up at my ceiling attempting to get a few hours of sleep in before we started out in the morning. Every so often hearing a snore come from under the blankets. I chuckled to myself, "lucky dog. I wish it was me sleeping".

I stared for few minutes longer when I concluded that this was pointless. I want to go now. No, needed to go. What's the point in waiting to start this trip, which I was clearly looking forward too when I could just leave now and get wherever we ended to faster? It's not like I'm not a night owl anyways. Plus, I was a grown ass woman of 21. Who's trying to stop me? Plus...fuck it.

Jumping out of bed, I quickly got dressed in some black leggings and a red oversized t-shirt. Since I had been packed for more than a few days in anticipation it didn't take me long to get my pickup truck loaded and be off and away from Portland.

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It was about 4:45 in the morning when I spotted the sign on the Interstate. Something made me pull over just then. I sat there, eyes fixed on the sign, feeling as if this was already a decision I knew I was going to make. To my right, Olivia slumbered onwards.

"Hey, puppers? I think this might be our exit."

Olivia glanced up at me after hearing the sound of her nickname. All I got in response was a yawn, stretch and continued snoring.

I'll take that as a yes, then I guess. Again, already knowing I was being drawn in this direction. I pulled back out onto the road again and turned on the off-ramp leaning to my new destination. After a few more miles I felt a slight tingle travel down my spine as I read the town sign out loud.

"Welcome to Derry"

I couldn't wait to see what kind of relaxation someone might find out here.

## 2. Chapter 2: Welcome to Derry

### Chapter 2: Welcome to Derry

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It was about 5:15 am and the sun was just starting to peak out above the trees. I have pulled over again but this time somewhere on the outskirts of Derry. I knew it had to be about time for Olivia to need a break, so I was taking the opportunity to get some air myself. I let her out of the truck and after a few minutes of sniffing by the ditch she bound off looking for the perfect spot to use the bathroom.

I took a second to breathe in the country air. I was surrounded by endless, quiet forest. Even this two-lane road was picturesque in how quiet and calm everything felt. Oh, how I would love to see this place in the fall when the leaves are just starting to turn colors.

I quickly turned around to the sound of something running through the fallen leaves. I chuckled to myself as Olivia was chasing down a squirrel. It was something she didn't get to do since we lived in the city. I loved seeing her out here enjoying herself. I hadn't even made it to the center of town yet and already I was feeling very much at home. I glanced down at my phone. I really needed to focus on finding somewhere to stay.

I flipped through a few apps to check out where a local B&B or cabin might be. It was always a little harder when you had a dog. Harder still when you have a breed of dog that people take one look at and assume it's dangerous. I think it's why we complimented each other so well. Unacceptable by society standards and generally not very well liked. We were a strange version of Beauty and the Beast. My neighbors didn't know what I did as a profession. I told them I was a dancer but as an instructor for a place in the city. I don't think Mr. and Mrs. Alberts would like to know they lend sugar to a stripper next door.

I was flipping through my phone on Air BnB when a house on Neibolt street caught my attention. It was so big and very old. So old in fact it looked like something out of a horror movie. It broke my heart to see a house in this state. The windows were boarded up and everything



looked dead around it. A medium sized tree stood in the front, very clearly had been dead for a while now. The house didn't even look safe enough to walk into let alone sleep in. How could a place like this end up on BnB? I continued to stare down at the picture of the house. Wait, were there more photos? I started swiping to the right and sure enough pictures of the house started to flash before me. The foyer with its two rooms on either side. The spider web infested sitting room and parlor. A kitchen with a broken table and fridge with its door wide open. A small room with a bed on the floor. A larger open room with drapes on the furniture and debris everywhere. The faster I swiped the more photos began to take over. Before I could swipe the next one myself the next photo flipped on its own. My eyes became wide with fascination as I was given a tour of the house without even touching my screen. The next image flashed at a door which was slightly open. It continued to open wider with each new picture. The screen began to move towards the now open door and started to descend into what I could only assume was the basement. With each flash, I was being shown down a set of stairs. I couldn't look away. I needed to know where the house wanted me to go. At the bottom of the steps, the pictures began to move to the right and finally stopping at its destination. There, in the center of the basement, was a well. The fast-paced flashes started to get closer to the well and I couldn't tear my gaze away. Out of the center, a red balloon started to rise from the well. It eerily made its way out, hovering just above it. I couldn't move. The photos flashing continuously. They were putting me in a trance. I felt warm all over as I continued to stare at the balloon. The same image of it flipped over and over again.

Quinn.....

Did I something just whisper my name?

POP!

HONK!

The perfectly still balloon exploded, causing me to jump. A driver honking at me to get out of the road. I took a huge breath in, not realizing I had been holding it the whole time. What the hell was that about? I looked back down at my phone wanting desperately to see

the well and balloon again. It was gone. In its place was a small white and red house at 27 Neibolt street. Well, that's weird, I thought. Geez, I need to find a place to lay down and get a few hours in. I quickly checked the reviews, photos, and price of the new Neibolt house my phone had landed on.

Hmm, dog-friendly, 2 bedrooms, \$374 for the week. I reserved it and within the next 15 minutes the owner and I had worked out everything. Perfect! This would also give me a chance to check out the creepy house next door. I called out to Olivia who raced back to the open door of the truck. Closing it, I walked over to my side and hopped in. I started the truck and set the navigation to our vacation spot. A new wave of excitement hit me as I pulled out onto the road again.

Wait...how the hell did I just see pictures of a house that isn't available?

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I decided to stop for a few things before heading to the house I had rented. I knew I was going to need some food for myself, but this would also get me a chance to check out the locals.

I finally found a small grocery store that was just opening. Olivia had just nestled back into her spot on the passenger seat to start with an after run nap. Since it was cool out, being December and all, I felt she would be nice and toasty in the truck. I didn't even bother locking my door. Olivia was better than a car alarm. She wouldn't let anywhere open the door who wasn't me. Grabbing my purse, I got out and walked into the store.

"Good morning, ma'am" I heard from behind the register. A young teenager greeted me with a sheepish smile.

"Good morning" I politely smiled back. Oh, this place was charming. This isn't anything like what I was used too.

I spent about 10 minutes roaming with a cart. Grabbing various things I could make for different meals. I was contemplating on how many boxes of popcorn wouldn't make me look like too much of a loner when I heard another greeting to my left.

"Hi, there. I haven't seen you in town before."

I was half expecting to see some young, pimple faced stock boy. What greeted me was anything but that. Standing in front of me was the most gorgeous man I had ever set my eyes on. He was everything a girl could want. Tall, well over 6ft which towered my already tall frame. Bright and full green eyes that were so dark green they were almost black. A chin that I could cut glass on, honestly. The same chin was also showing a hint of stubble. But the hair is what did it for me. It was a mix of red and brown but full and wavy. There was something about slightly longer hair on a guy that just made my insides knot up. And the way this guy was looking at me had me all sorts of tied up. As attractive as he was, I knew better than to show so much interest immediately. After all, playing with a man's heart was kind of my trade. I knew how to make them want me. Half the time I didn't have to try that hard because of my own good looks. But I knew I didn't want to come off as fake to this guy. Something told me he would see right through that anyways.

"Hi. I'm Quinn." I said with a genuine smile. "Was I in your way of picking out popcorn?" I stated with a chuckle and holding out the two boxes I already had in my hand.

He laughed at my joke. "No, but if I were you, extra butter is always the better choice."

I looked down at the boxes. Both of them were labeled extra butter. I glanced at my green-eyed friend and we both broke out into a fit of laughter. I decided to hell with it and just tossed both boxes in the cart. The laughter started to die down and we both stood there staring at each other. He broke the silence first.

"I'm Phillip", he said a little quieter, extending a hand out to me. I reached out to put my smaller hand in his. Strange, how just this small amount of contact made the knots tighter in my abdomen. I haven't felt anything like this in a long time for someone. I made it a habit not to date close to home. Who knew who might wander into my club one night and see me.

"Sooo...is this your store", I said glancing around nervously. He was still just looking at me, saying nothing. As if out of his own spell he

blinked a few times and finally spoke up.

"Sorry, what was that?"

Now it was my turn to laugh at him. "Store. Is it yours? Or are you just in here stocking up like me?"

"Oh, no. Just a shopper like yourself. Like I said I haven't seen you around here before and I like to think that I know everyone in Derry."

"Well, you're not wrong. I just got in about half an hour ago. I was looking to take a vacation with just me and the dog and we ended up here." Speaking of... "Which I should really go. I shouldn't leave her in the car for very long. It was nice meeting you Phillip"

"Hey, if you're staying nearby maybe I could take you out to dinner tonight."

I couldn't believe he just asked me that. I was used to being asked out, sure, but the way he asked me so casually. Like he knew me and what my answer might be.

Should I? But what about just you and the dog, Quinn. Um hello, me time? Me time can include a hot guy who doesn't know anything about you? Plus, it would be nice to have adult conversation for once. All my friends and conversations were either with Johns, Olivia or other strippers. But we don't know this guy. What if he's a serial killer that eats kids? Ugh, fuck you, brain.

"You know, I think I would love that."

"Great! I could swing by and pick you up? Or did you want to come to my place?"

"It seems silly to go out when we can just eat in and maybe watch a scary movie. And hey," I grabbed the box out of my cart again for effect, "I have popcorn".

Laughing again he told me his number and we said our goodbyes. I was checking out when I saw Phillip walking past my car. Olivia was wagging her tail as he got closer to my car. He stopped and they both stood, staring at each other. Any second now I half expected to see

Olivia freak out and bark uncontrollably. She was the fail-safe car alarm after all. To my surprise, she looked like she was nervous and like she might be whining. I could see her moving around a bit like she wanted out of the car. I couldn't tell if Phillip was making her uncomfortable or excited. That's when she started licking at the opening in the window I left her. Phillip moved his hands to the top and I watched in fascination as Olivia happily wagged her tail and licked at Phillips fingers. After a few more seconds he pulled his hand away and kept walking. I looked away and back at the total amount for my groceries.

Well, that was... adorable.

After leaving the store it only took me less than 10 minutes to get to the rental. I pulled up and immediately looked to the left of it. There was the house. The old house. 29 Niebolt street. God, it was worse looking in person, but I was so drawn to it. Maybe after Phillip leaves tonight I can go on over and sneak a peek. These old houses have so much history. I'd love to find out how...

BARK BARK!

Olivia warned me of a jogger about to run past the car. I waited till she was out of view before I got out of the truck. I had the dog leash in my hand and made my way up to the rental house. The key was in the mail box like the owner said. Once I got the door open Olivia ran past and immediately jumped up on the couch as if to say, this is mine now .

It was small, but hey, I didn't need it to be huge. Just something to enjoy for the week I was about to spend here. Who knows? Maybe I fall madly in love with Phillip and we can't stand to be apart so he asks me to move in with him . Ha ha, yeah right. Plus, what are you going to do for work? Teach strip dance at the YMCA? No one asked you, brain!

Welllllll, I thought to myself. The truck isn't going to unload itself.

Too bad Phillip isn't here to help. Ugh, shut up brain.

### 3. Chapter 3: Dance for me, Baby

#### Chapter 3: Dance for me, Baby

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After I finished bringing all my belongings and groceries in I felt a huge second wave of energy come on. I just finished snacking on an apple and chips before getting changed into some workout clothes. Blue leggings with holes in the knees, white crop top and boot heels. It was always better to practice in heels. Otherwise, when it came time to dance, I might miss more steps when on stage. I peeked a quick glance at the clock. 7:35 am. Damn, it's still bedtime back home. I might as well get all this extra energy out before taking a nap. I was going to need some sleep if I wanted to wake up and see Phillip later. Which I really did, by the way.

Back in the living room, Olivia didn't move an inch as I pushed back the couch to make more room for my dancing. The rental obviously didn't come with a stripper pole but did have some kick-ass surround sound. That was all I needed. I plugged in my iPod and loaded up a playlist I knew would get me tired and sweaty. *Oh. Maybe Phill would like to hear this later then.* Seriously, brain, I hate you.

I loaded up *Earned it* by The Weekend. I needed a slower song to start out with. Something to stretch out my muscles but still get a good work out. The beat started and I started slowly walking. Taking a few calculated steps, crossing my feet at the ankle each time the drums hit. Stopping I began moving my arms outwards. Bending my knees and shifting my hips from side to side slowly. I knew once I got going I could feel the rhythm in my heart. Dancing comes easy for me. Fixing my eyes on the TV where I could see my own reflection. I enjoyed this. More than enjoyed it really. Truthfully, I liked practicing more than performing. Hearing a high beat come up I kicked my leg high in the air and dropped down till both my knees hit the floor. I made eye contact with myself as I slowly fell back on my knees till the back of my head hit the other side of the floor. I rolled to my side and raised my leg till it was almost flush with my side. I swung around till I was standing back up again. I watched my eyes lower as I ran my hands seductively up from my ass to my long

hair. Just like with work, eye contact was crucial. It was easy to make you want my body. But a glance over the shoulder at a John who only had eyes for me. Oh, that worked every time. The music started to fade out and I knew I needed something with more leg and grinding to get me really going.

I walked back and pushed play ON a different song. Choosing an oldy but goodie. Buttons by the Pussycat Dolls started up and this time my movements were more popped then fluid. Flipping my hair around and causing me to move all over the living room. At one point I remember taking off my top and flipping it away when I popped back up. I was really enjoying this. Here I was, technically in a stranger's house, exotically dancing in my black bra and heels. I was able to kick out and even do a handstand in the open space of this house. I dropped back down again into the splits. Flipping my legs around I came to a squat and began running my hands from my knees to my inner thighs. Glancing back to the TV for a split second I could have sworn I saw someone watching me from the window behind me. I turned as if it was still a part of my dance to see if I could catch whatever pervert was spying on me. Huh, nothing there. I turned back to the TV and there it was again. I swear it looks like someone is watching me from the window. It almost looked like Phillip. I turned back around, again keeping my movements a part of the song to see if the person was still there. Nothing. Quinn, you really need to get some sleep, I told myself spinning again back to the TV.

There in the reflection, was a clown in the window. Nothing like a cute, done up birthday clown either. This clown made me stop dead in my track's. My first instinct was to scream but no sound came out. We stared at each other's reflection as I took in more of his features. His face was ghostly white with blood red lips and nose. Even though he was staring at me hypnotically I could still make out the two bunny-like teeth in his slightly parted mouth. Thin red lines that started at the corners of his mouth traveled upwards on each side going over his cheeks and eyes. And those eyes. They were blue like the ocean and mesmerizing to look at. I noticed one of the blue eyes looking slightly more away from me and realized this one might be lazy. Reddish, orange hair stuck out on either side of his head and formed a deep widow's peak at the very top.

Something about the way that he was looking at me made me not want to stop dancing. I could blame my actions on the lack of sleep or sex but something about the way this clown was staring at me made me want to give a better show. The Buttons song was just about to end. I walked over to the music and switched it to something that might make this clown crazy. It was in my nature to tease after all.

I choose Kill4Me by Marilyn Manson. I walked back over to where I was standing in the middle of the living room waiting for the song to start. I kept taking quick glances at the clown in the reflection. *Oh, boy is he about to drool all over that window*, I thought. The bass started followed shortly by the guitar.

*Keep watching me, clown.*

I lost control of my body in that moment. The second the lyrics started I let out a loud moan and began to move every part of myself. My hips going out in wide circles, hands in my hair and pulling it a little to get my face in just the right spot. Any move that makes your face look like its about to cry out from a lover's touch always gets an extra tip on stage.

*Let's grab a gold switch blade  
And make us a blood pact, babe  
To love and to fuck and to only see ourselves  
And remember this*

I took a moment to glance at the clown in the window. The same look was there but this time drool really was on my window. The newest addition was a hand placed on the window glass. His long fingers were covered by a white glove. The hand placed against the glass was almost my undoing. I have been hooted and hollered at, grabbed and groped, sweet talked and dirty talked. No John ever made me feel.... anything. That was work. This was something else. Something primal. That hand on the glass was an unspoken gesture. It meant, *please don't stop*. Another moan escaped my mouth. Only this time the moan was not a part of my act. I kept moving, knowing everything I was doing was causing this clown a sweet kind of agony.

*Would you kill, kill, kill for me?  
I love you enough to ask you again*



*Would you kill, kill, kill for me?  
You won't be kissing me unless you kill for me  
Kill, kill, kill for me*

At the chorus, the same hand on the window started to clench. And those beautiful blue eyes started to roll in the back of his head. I knew what effect I had on this clown. His actions were giving me the same effect. The music started to beat louder. Sweat was pouring off me but it was only making me dance harder for my peeping clown.

*Your hotel hall won't be so vacant  
And I can tell that you ain't faking  
Because I take death threats  
Like the best of them*

I reached down and grabbed at the ripped hole in my leggings. I slowly started to pull, feeling the fabric give way. I was grabbing at my breast singing as the chorus kept repeating during the end of the song. I could have sworn I heard nails screaming against the glass as he dragged his hand down.

Would you kill, kill, kill for me?  
I love you enough to ask you again  
Would you kill, kill, kill for me?  
I love you enough to ask you again  
Would you kill, kill, kill for me?  
You won't be kissing me unless you kill for me

Kill, kill, kill for me  
Kill, kill, kill for me

The song ended, I was panting heavily. The clown and I continued to stare at each other. There was so much drool on the glass part of his face was blurred by it. I stood staring at him, hand on my breast, part of a torn pant leg in the other. I wanted more than anything to turn around and face my peeping clown. I wasn't sure what I wanted to say but I knew I wanted more than anything right now to throw myself at him. Not caring what happened if I did so.

Just then the doorbell rang.

BARK BARK BARK!

Shit! I quickly ran to grab a robe to cover up what I could of my nudity.

"Olivia, stay" I ordered. Like a good girl, she did.

I answered the door and a middle-aged woman stood there giving me the dirtiest look. It was a funny sight. She had curlers in her hair, bunny slippers and a worn floral robe on. I knew right away this wasn't going to be good. She must not like living next to a house that changes neighbors every week.

"Excuse me, Miss" she hissed at me "but that music is way too loud. I have kids to get ready for school and you need to turn your devil music down."

I burst out laughing. If this lady had any idea what I was just doing she probably would have her church group here in a heartbeat with pick axes and torches. I really did try to keep a straight face.

"I'm so sorry. I was working out and didn't think about the time. I'm just finishing up. Sorry about that." My smile wouldn't stay hidden. We both knew I didn't mean it. I didn't feel bad about enjoying my week off. Plus, super-hot erotic clown dancing striptease aside, I really was working out. Right?

Bunny slippers left, and I closed the door to her back. Man, I'm not sure how much I just hallucinated, but I think it's time for show and sleep.

I walked over to turn off the stereo. Glancing up I looked over and noticed Olivia had her front legs up on the window sill. She was licking the window and wagging her tail. The droll that was covering the outside of the window was gone. I wanted to say I could make out a few scratches from where I saw the clown's nails against the window, but it could have been the light. I looked down at her still licking the window. *Some guard dog you are, girl.*

I turned and made my way to the bathroom ready to wash off the sweat from my sore and exhausted body. When I opened the shower

curtain I gasped. Laying in the middle of the tub was a single cut red rose.

## 4. Chapter 4: Dinner and a

### Chapter 4: Dinner and a...

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Glancing over at the clock, realizing I only had 15 more minutes before Phillip showed up. I was already dressed and in the process of getting dinner assembled. Tonight, I chose to keep my outfit as casual as possible. I went with an oversized gray sweater that hung off my shoulders, black skinny jeans and tan UGGs. He *did* only ever mention having dinner, not this being a date.

*Yea, ok, you keep telling yourself that. Why else do attractive men ask you to dinner?* Not now, brain, please.

Gone was my seduction playlist from the stereo. Melodies' from The Nutcracker playing in the background while Olivia snored away peacefully on the couch. With it being so close to Christmas and all, it just made sense to have a little Christmas music.

Steaks, local green beans and baby red potatoes were on the menu for dinner. I wasn't sure what Phillip cared for. Maybe with all that rugged charm he would be a typical meat a potatoes kind of guy. I guess I'll find out once he shows up. We haven't spoken to each other except at the store and the few quick texts about where to show up and what time. I leaned back against the counter waiting. There wasn't anything left to do till he got here.

Man, I really can't believe how tired my mind got this morning. There has never been a time where I danced myself into a delirious, erotic clown strip tease. Just thinking about it started to make my face flush. God, I don't think I've ever been turned on from giving a show before, even if it was to an imaginary peeping clown. It really was too bad it was just all in my head. My make-believe clown looked like he wanted to take a bite out of me while ravaging me senseless. And, oh man, how I had wanted him too. Glancing over at the center of the dining table was the single red rose in a vase. When I had pulled it from the tub I just assumed it was from the owner leaving me a nice welcome gift. Strange thing to leave a rose in the tub. My mind wandered back to Phillip again.

*Girl, seriously, I've been telling you for months to get laid. I know, but no one sees me for me. Besides, anyone who shows interest in me finds out I'm a stripper, then everything changes. Well, maybe you can just NOT tell Phil. Let him be your vay-cay bang and then go back home with no regrets. Eww, vay-cay bang? I don't even know why I listen to you, brain.*

DING! BARK! DONG! BARK!

"Alright, Olivia. Just wait.... Stay.... stay." I walked away from her to open the front door. A huge smile reached my eyes as Phillip stood in the door way looking just as handsome as I remember. That same wavy hair, green eyes, and just a hint of stubble. Phillip was wearing faded blue jeans, carpenter boots, a jet-black t-shirt with an unbuttoned black and white plaid long sleeve shirt over. My inner brain was abnormally quiet. I assumed it was because she had melted on the floor and was now drooling and fanning herself. I couldn't allow myself the luxury to losing my shit. One of us must be the sane one around here. In his right hand he was holding a bottle of red wine. He was really taking his potential suitor role very seriously.

"Hey, Phillip. I'm glad you came. Come in and prepare to be assaulted with attention." Realizing he probably thought I meant from myself I laughed and sputtered. "Sorry! I meant from my dog, Olivia!"

Phillip, also sporting a huge smile from my remark, chuckled as he pulled a single red rose from behind his back. I stared down at the flower. Huh, what are the chances I'd get two, single red roses today. My inner brain was still quiet. Probably still hormonally overwhelmed and fanning herself. Phillip extended the flower to me. "Thanks for having me, Quinn. You look beautiful."

I couldn't help but blush a little. I'm no stranger to compliments but most of them are cat calls from my dancing on stage. I don't remember the last time someone called me beautiful. I took both the flower and bottle of wine from Phillip and asked him to come in. Olivia was sitting but whining and doing a front paw dance on the floor. She was DYING to say hello but waiting for me to give her the OK. I looked over at Phillip who was smiling down at Olivia. "Are you ready?" I asked him.

Phillip looked back at me and let out a breath "I think so" kneeling.

I looked at Olivia, "Go say hello".

Upon hearing the 'H' in 'hello' she rushed Phillip, giving her signature greeting to the newcomer. This consisted of spinning in circles, wagging her tail, licking at anything her tongue could contact and over all losing her mind at the idea of a new set of hands to pet her.

"WOAH! Hello, girl. I'm glad you like me. Maybe we can convince your mom to do the same, huh?", he said glancing up at me. Wow this guy was good. Get to the dog first. I see your game plan, Mister.

My inner brain finally coming out of her stupor. *Oh, shut up and just let this happen you ninny*, she snapped while fanning herself and dramatically fainting again. God, get a hold of yourself, I snapped back.

"I wasn't sure what kind of wine liked. You looked like a sweet wine kind of girl. I hope that's OK?"

"Perfect! I hate dry wines. Would you like me to pour one for you too?" I asked walking into the kitchen.

"Yes, thank you." Poor Phillip was now being used for belly rubs. *Lucky dog*. Easy girl, I told my brain. After pouring two glasses I took the chance to add the second rose to the vase, both resting against each other.

"So, I wasn't sure what you liked for food. I've got steak and potatoes. I haven't started on the steaks yet. How do you like yours cooked?"

"Raw. Still mooing and bleeding if possible," he said having stood back up and was making his way towards me. Funny, that's exactly how I liked mine too.

"Great, me too. It should only take about 10 minutes till dinner time."

"Anything I could do to help," he offered.

I gave him the simple task of putting the veggies and potatoes in a dish for the table. We had a few cute moments bumping into each

other in the small kitchen. Once, I heard him clear his throat when I bent down to remove the steaks from the oven broiler. Looking away I grinned from ear to ear and tucking some of my loose hair behind my head. My inner brain giving him a come-hither look.

With dinner ready, I gave Olivia a bone from the butcher I had picked up during the morning shopping trip. I knew I needed her to have something to keep her busy while I was having my... new friend over for dinner. *Just call it a date already*, my brain yelled at me. I chose to ignore her and pretended not to care. The wine Phillip had brought over was insanely delicious. It was cherry wine. But it also had a thicker, richer flavor I couldn't quite place. I'll have to ask him where he got it from. We sat down and started eating.

"So, what brings you..." "How do you like....", we both started at the same time making both of us laugh at the other.

"Boy, we sure have no idea how to do this, do we?" Phillip said with a shy smile and looking away.

"Nervous?" I joked

"Actually, yes."

"Me too", I took another huge sip of wine. I appreciated his honesty.

"I didn't want you to think that I was only asking you to dinner because of your looks. I'm sure you get that all the time. I felt drawn to the store that morning. I didn't even need anything. Just felt like I needed to be there. And there you were contemplating popcorn."

"It's funny you say that because that's how I feel about Derry. I wasn't sure where Olivia and I were going to end up. I was just driving down the interstate waiting for... something. I saw the exit, rented the house and here I am."

"Tell me, how does a girl like you end up in a small town like this?"

I knew I couldn't tell him everything. I didn't want to lie but the thought of this turning into another one of my failed attempts because of what I do sadden me. "I just needed a break. I don't have any family I speak to. The holidays are always lonely for me. Instead

of staying home and watching bad TV with the pup I wanted to do something different. Something enjoyable."

"What about you," I inquired, trying to deflect from myself, "What do you do? Have you lived in Derry long?"

"All my life. It feels like eons. I'm a Foreman for Derry Public works. Mostly maintaining the inner workings of Derry's sewers and its parks."

"Sounds like a messy job," I said making a face.

"Yea but I really enjoy it. My whole working day is me in the sewers making sure everything works properly. The only awful part is the **kids**. They don't have any respect for public property."

Woah, his voice got low and dark at the end there. "Sounds like kids aren't really your thing?"

"No" was all he said.

"I can agree. I love the idea of being a mother and bringing life into this world, but the raising part sounds out of my comfort zone. I'm happy with how things are. Just me and Olivia to care about." I saw that we were both done eating and got up to start clearing plates.

Phillip got up to help and brought both our wine glasses into the kitchen. Following me and setting them down he leaned against the counter. He was so close to me as I stood at the sink, setting the dishes inside. I can feel him looking at me again. My left side was going to burst into flames from the intense look he was giving me. I turned to look back at him. Inside, my Brain was panting heavily.

Phillip, standing up straight, reached up as if he wanted to touch my face. He hesitated.

"I want to kiss you."

I stopped breathing.

"I want you to kiss me." I let out in a slow breath



His hand reached up to lightly touch my cheek. For a second time, I stopped breathing. In a split second, I saw his eyes flash from the green I knew to an ocean blue. His eyes. They looked almost like.... Phillip brought his mouth down on mine and my world stopped. Touching just the small of my back, he used one of his free hands to pull me closer to him.

The kiss was so gentle. Soft and sweet. He must be holding back because I felt a soft vibration coming off him. I think he was trying to gauge how far he could take this. I wanted him. Badly, in fact. I was right in the middle of contemplating letting him take me right here in the kitchen when a bark broke up our kiss.

BARK BARK! Olivia was standing by the door, tongue hanging out and wagging her tail.

I blushed, "I need to let Olivia out."

"Okay", I can tell he was a little annoyed at the interruption.

I really enjoyed being in his arms. I felt safe and warm. It took a lot of willpower to tear myself away from him and the dog out. Walking to the back door, I cracked it open to the cold night air. Olivia barreled past, having a secondary motive of chasing any squirrels that might be lurking. I stood at the door watching her, waiting for her to finish. I felt his presence behind me as a hand came around my waist pulling my back to his hard chest. Phillip leaned down to take an inhale from the V in my neck. I closed my eyes and leaned my head back. He trailed several small kisses on my neck and shoulder.

"God Quinn, you are intoxicating. You have to know that I want you. I know you feel *it* too." He really put a lot of emphasis on the T. "But if you don't want this, I'll... understand. But if you need me as badly as I need you right now," I felt a low moan in his chest. Maybe it was a growl, "I promise to consume and worship you till you beg me to stop.

My insides tensed up. I did want this. Inside, my Brain was screaming at me to do it. I can't remember the last time I felt this strongly towards a guy. But I was terrified of getting hurt. How can someone so normal want someone like me? *Disgusting whore, filthy slut, nasty*

*bitch*. These were things my parents told me the day I moved out to become an exotic dancer. I knew I wasn't that girl. But if someone you love tells you-you are, and men treat you like it, you tend to start believing in them. Did I even need to reveal my secret to Phillip? Could I if I had too? I let out an exhausted breath and turned in his arms.

"I really like you, Phillip. Too much already, maybe. Let's just see how the rest of the night goes. We still have a scary movie to watch. Besides," I slid my hands up his chest letting my next words purr out of my mouth, "Maybe I get so scared that I won't let you leave."

My answer seemed to sit well with him because he grinned from ear to ear, "OH, you'll get scared. I'll make sure to pick the most frightening movie this house has to offer."

## 5. Chapter 5: No talking during the

Chapter 5: No talking during the...

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~Pennywise POV~

Food

So hungry

Frustrated

I need this human.

This... woman.

Damnit! I need to feed.

It makes no sense. I'm immortal, I don't need this crap! Why am I working so hard for my dinner? I should have eaten before coming. I don't know if I can eat her yet.

Quinn.

Stupid, STUPID, Pennywise. Just take itttt ...take what you want.

Damnit, why do I want her pinned under me for more than food?

... UGH, why?! I wanna eat her nowwwww.

No! Stop that! Fear... i want to taste her fear. I need more time. The perfect moment.

Taste her flesh. Ugh, fuck, that intoxicating flesh of hers. What was that smell? What is she!?

That sweet, SWEET mouth... mmmm... NO! The fear. Mmmm, I needed that tasty, tasty fear.

Fuck, both taste so good.

Tease. Shit, this human is different. Must be. Maybe she put me in a trance with her dancing? How the hell could she do that? To me?! An eater of worlds. I wanted to jump from the window and take what's mine.

Mine.

Only for me.

All for Pennywise.

My tasty peach.

*My human.*

I have to know. Have to taste. I wonder if her blood tastes like the wine. I wonder if her blood and body taste just as sugary. The alcohol was supposed to be syrupy. She seemed to like it. Even with the blood I added to the wine so I could drink it. I'm glad she liked it.

What if she doesn't want me?

SHUT THE FUCK UP!

FEAR! WHY WHY WHY! Uhhhhh, no fair, no fair!

I can't find her fear!

SO MEAN! I NEED FEAR!

I NEED HER! QUINN! I NEED QUINN!

Just wait... You will consume...

...and worship

Son of a bitch, look at her ass? I swear to the Macroverse she is doing this on purpose.

I'm going to fuck her.

I'm going to fuck her then I'm going to eat her.

Shit... don't fuck this up.

Please, don't fuck this up.

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*Ok, Readers. Sorry, my version of Pennywise may be slightly hard to read. Yes, he is a monster, but I envisioned his need for love to be in the same mindset as a child, teenager or college guy. Basically, always in a battle with himself because emotions are hard for him. I like seeing his inner turmoil in writing. It's not easy being the big, scary, hopeless romantic we all want him to be. Or at least I do. =) 3 - Rapora*

## 6. Chapter 6: Movie

### Chapter 6: ...movie

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Olivia was finally passed out on the love seat with a blanket. My sassy Brain was giving me the silent treatment, angry with me for not fucking in the kitchen. Currently, I was bent over, adding the horror movie to the DVD player. Phillip, who was sitting on the couch behind me, was probably foaming at the mouth watching me bend over. **Someone** had insisted that the only way to appreciate the movie was to view it like at the movies. So, much to my dismay, the lights were off except for a hallway light.

Turning, I grabbed the remote and was about to sit near the end of the couch. That's when an arm grabbed me, pulling me down to sit next to his left side. Phillip draped an arm over my shoulders and began to rub light circles with his thumb on my bicep. He stared at my mouth for a moment before going in for the second kiss of the night. This one was just a little deeper than the first. The way his mouth tasted was heavenly. Abundantly sweeter than before. It had to be from the rich wine we drank. I wanted a better taste of him. I parted my lips and opened my mouth enough to allow him access to my tongue. The kiss deepened again and this time I moaned into his mouth. Both of my thighs clenched together. We were drinking in each other. Each of us tasting the other and feeling the heat rising in the room. The stubble on his chin scratching me slightly, that burning feeling so amazingly good on my sensitive skin.

Philip broke the kiss first. My breathing heavier than was necessary. Honestly, if it was acceptable to pant in front of him I would be. "Peaches, you taste amazing."

Staring at his mouth again, "Peaches?" Hmm, could be my next stage name.

"Mmm hmm. If we don't start the movie soon I'm going to forget that you shot me down back there" he said giving me an intense look. It couldn't tell if it was from lust but if looks could kill, I would be so very dead.

Pressing play on the remote, the opening credits came up. The music wind effects starting low then building. I could tell this was an older movie, but I wasn't sure what. That was until the blue from the title unblurred and became clear.

"Alien's", I said wide-eyed.

"Yea, have you ever seen this"

"No! Oh god. I'm already freaking out."

Phillip pulled me closer, sniffing into my hair again. I was too scared to care. I felt like I had a healthy appreciation for horror movies. As in, I didn't see them, which my nerves appreciated. "Oh, what's the matter, peaches? Affffrraaaiidd...", Phillip all but hissed into my ear.

Pulling my knees up from the floor, I wrapped my arms around them. My eyes barely peeking above my kneecaps. "You'll tell me if a scary part comes, right?"

Another grin spread across his face that I found both attractive and terrifying. "Of course, Quinn."

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On screen, Ripley was in her robot suit fighting the queen alien. So far, I had freaked out, jumped at the scary parts, covered my face and stopped myself from screaming.

"Ugh, these aliens are so creepy and real looking," I told Phillip as the alien made another bite attempt at Ripley.

"Meh, they're alright I guess. I mean, all they have is the element of surprise. No real work in capturing your prey when all you do is pop up, then kill with your face." Phillip had been watching the entire movie with the same nonchalant look as if watching a documentary.

"Consider yourself an alien, murdering, mastermind, do you?" I glanced back to look at him.

"Ha! You might be surprised. Take the Xenomorph aliens in this movie. This isn't a passionate killing. It's hungry. They need to feed, the humans are just providing that source of food. The Xenomorph

has been around for eons doing exactly what it was designed to do. But you could also think about..."

I couldn't help but smile at him. He really must be into horror movies. There was something adorable in the way he was explaining an alien lifestyle to me. I continued to let him rant away about the need to feed vs. killing for sport, smiling at him all the while. The movie was over but he kept talking. Trying to convince me what the Aliens did was justifiable.

Everything about Phillip makes me want him. If someone were to look at us right now they might say we've been a couple of years. We looked just like a normal couple enjoying a weekday movie. Not the stripper and vay-cay fling that this was shaping up to be.

Fuck it, I wanted this man. My inner Brain coming to attention, *whawasthat?* That was it. I want this to happen. My inner Brain was already standing in a boxing stance, ready to tackle whatever I was about to do. *Deep breath. Don't fuck this up. Please, don't fuck this up,* she was telling me.

In one easy fluid motion, I swung my right leg around and straddled his open thighs. Whatever he was saying stopped him instantly.

"Go on," I urged him to continue his speech.

"Uhhhh, I can't remember what I was talking about," Phillip was moving his hands up from my knees, slowly sliding up my thighs. I put my hands on his to stop them from traveling too far up. I picked up both of his hands and placed them on each of my ass cheeks. The look of surprise and excitement that flashed in his blue (Huh, I thought they were green) was totally worth it.

"So, Mister, 'tryin' to get me all scared and terrified'," I accused him, a sly smile formed on his face. "Now, it's my turn to have the upper hand."

Very slowly, I started to lean back. I kept slow falling backward till my head was almost touching the coffee table. Reaching out, I grabbed the remote and started switching the source on the tv from MOVIE to STEREO. I loved listening to music as part of foreplay.



Music was a way for your mouth and body to give a performance. And right now, I was gearing up to put on a very hot show.

Phillip had leaned into me and was currently breathing heavily near my exposed navel. I shivered every time he placed a small kiss on my belly. Concentrating, I continued to hang slightly upside down till I was able to select the playlist I had been searching for. Setting the remote back down, I let my back arch forward to slowly move back in my sitting position on his lap. Reaching out for the open collar at Phillips button down, I started to move the shirt off his shoulders as the song came on. Phillip was quick to help, unable to control his eagerness. Neither of our eyes leaving each other's gaze. Crazy in Love by Sofia Karlberg began to play behind me.

*I look and stare so deep in your eyes*

*I touch on you more and more every time*

*When you leave I'm beggin' you not to go*

*Call your name two, three times in a row*

Grabbing hold of the bottom of my shirt I pulled upwards till it had traveled up and over my head. I tossed in on the floor next to his. Phillip's mouth was parted now, making the heavy breathing very audible.

He continued to stare at me, eyes wide, taking in my red silk bra. I reached the bottom of his top and pulled the black t-shirt off him. Instantly, his hands were back on my ass. I was grinding my hips into his in time with the beat of the song. I wouldn't be surprised if I was already soaked through my leggings with how badly he was turning me on. Placing both my hands on his chest, I used my nails on him, scratching slowly down till my fingers stopped at his belt. A deep moan escaped from Phillips' mouth causing his eyes to roll back and his head to fall back. Ooo, someone likes a little pain. Leaning down, I licked his nipple, to his Adam's apple, then back down to give attention to his other nipple. Covering the whole thing with my mouth, using my teeth to dance across the sensitive puckered flesh. I bit down a little, harder than I meant to. To my surprise, Phillip hissed and squeezed my ass, making it easier to grind me harder onto

him.

*Such a funny thing for me to try to explain*

*How I'm feeling and my pride is the one to blame*

*Yeah, cause I know I don't understand*

*Just how your love can do what no one else can*

"Fuck, Quinn!"

"Hmm, who's consuming who now, baby?"

*Got me lookin' so crazy right now*

*Your love's got me lookin' s o crazy right now*

*Got me lookin' so crazy right now your touch's*

*Got me lookin' so crazy right now*

Sitting up abruptly, I reached behind me and unsnapped my bra. Phillip slid his hands up my ass, figure tips grazing my back and stopping at the loose straps on my shoulders. With each strap in hand, he pulled my bra the rest of the way off, making myself exposed to him. Phillip's mouth latched onto my breast, throwing my head back at the pure electricity that shot through me.

My hands were pulling and tugging at Phillips' hair, his hot mouth sucking and biting at each breast.

"Phillip?" I gasped near his ear.

"Yes, peaches?" Hearing his endearment for me sent a new wave of vibrations through me. I could feel him vibrating again too. I couldn't wait anymore. I reached down between us and started unbuckling his belt. My hands shaking the whole time, both nervous and excited.

"If you don't take your pants off soon I'm afraid I'm going to finish without you."

"Oh, I don't think so" And with that, he grabbed my ass cheeks again

and lifted me up. My feet hitting the floor, we both quickly removed our pants and underwear.

*It's the way that you know what I thought I knew*

*It's the beat that my heart skips when I'm with you*

*But I still don't understand*

*Just how your love can do what no one else can*

I shoved him back on the couch, each of us fully naked. Climbing back on top of him, I could feel his sex rubbing against me. I wrapped my hand around him and rubbed my thumb gently over the tip of his dick. With my other hand, I took hold of his wrist and held it next to his head. I was beginning to feel crazed. I wanted to fuck Phillip senseless. I wanted him begging for me. I wanted to feel fear as I fucked his brains out.

*Got me hoping you page me right now your kiss's*

*Got me hoping you save me right now*

*Lookin' so crazy your love's got me lookin'*

*Got me lookin' so crazy your love*

"Holy fuck, peaches, you're killin' me here"

"Am I, baby? Do you want me to stop?" I was stroking him now, mouth open and panting like I had been wanting to earlier. "Tell me what you want, baby? Tell me and I'll give it to you."

Phillip placed his other hand on my thigh. I could feel him pushing me, trying to impale himself into me. "Fuck me, Quinn," he growled at me. Feeling that I wasn't going to let him push himself inside me, he reached up and grabbed my throat. "I want that tight pussy wrapped around me." He was breathing deeply through his teeth. Another song started to play on the stereo. Oh, perfect. If I was your Vampire by Marilyn Manson.

A groan, so deep in my chest, rolled out of me as I lowered myself

powerfully onto him. I almost came right then and there. Not only was he big but I haven't been with anyone for so long. Phillip must have felt the same way. Not only was he also groaning under me, but he had an even tighter grip on my neck. The grip was making it hard to breathe. However, it was just adding to the ecstasy I was feeling building up inside me.

*If I was your vampire,*

*Certain as the moon,*

*Instead of killing time,*

*We'll have each other*

*Until the sun.*

*If I was your vampire,*

*Death waits for no one.*

I set the rhythm. My pussy was getting wetter knowing that I was in control. With every bounce, I felt every inch of him sliding in and out of me. As a dancer, my body is a machine. I've built up years of strength in my legs, hips, and back. So, when I use my hips and thighs to grind on top of him, I'm making sure every stroke of my pussy was felt. I continued to roll my hips back and forth on him.

"Oh, baby, you feel so fucking good. But now it's my turn"

Phillip grabbed me by the ass again and lifted me straight up off the couch. Instinctively, I wrapped my legs around his waist which kept him fully inside me. He started walking away from the couch. I didn't care where he was taking me as long as he stayed inside me. My mouth found his. Realizing, I haven't tasted him since the movie started. Our tongues were fighting and dancing with each other. I bit down hard on Phillips' lip wanting more of him. I tasted the smallest drop of blood and my eyes opened wide. Golden, yellow eyes burned into mine. I broke away from the kiss.

"your eyes," I whispered.

Phillips response was to set me hard on the countertop, pull out just enough, then ram his dick into me as hard as possible. Making me completely forget what I just saw. He lifted one of my legs higher and set it on his shoulder, allowing himself to get buried deeper in me.

"UUUUUGGGGGGHHHHHHH, Holy FUCKING SHIT"

"Ugh, God Peaches. What. The fuck. Are. You. Doing to ME. AHHH"

I leaned back on the counter, letting Phillip take the reins. I was already getting close. I could feel my feet getting warm. The heat spreading up my calves, thighs and rising deep in my belly. I reached behind me with one hand latching on to the other side for support. The other hand I used to play with my breast. I could tell he liked watching me. All men liked watching me. But only Phillip has seen me like this. No man has touched me since I became a stripper.

*Beyond the pale*

*Everything is black*

*No turning back.*

*Beyond the pale*

*Everything's black*

*No turning back.*

*This is where it starts.*

*This is where it will end.*

*Here comes the moon again.*

I started to cry out. I couldn't last much longer. "Phillip, I need...oh god, I'm ...oh fuck, don't stop! I'm gonna cum!"

"Let me feel it, Quinn. Cum for me, Peaches." Phillip reached down and rubbed his thumb in a small circle around my clit. And with that, I was undone. My universe exploded around me. It's as if my world went dark and bright all at once. I screamed so loud I was sure bunny

slippers next door would call the cops. I didn't care. I can't remember ever having an orgasm like this. My heart was beating so violently I thought it might explode. I was still screaming out my release when I felt Phillip beginning to slam into me harder.

"AHHHHH FUCK!" Phillip roared out. The sound was terrifying and otherworldly. I could feel him letting himself go inside me. Hands gripping me tighter, holding me in place as he used my body for his own satisfaction. He doubled over me resting his head on my chest. I slipped my hands into his hair as his body jerked and twitch, the last of his orgasm fading out. Shit, I can't believe I just had the most amazing sex with a guy I just met this morning in a grocery store. My inner Brain was draped over her imaginary countertop looking smug and smoking a cigarette.

The both of us stayed in this moment, neither moving. I continued to play with Phillips' hair. I wanted to say something, but I don't think either of us wanted to move. It was just too perfect.

"Hey, Phillip?"

"Hmmm?" I heard from someone near my belly.

"My legs are numb"

I felt laughter against my skin. We stayed like that a few minutes, giggling at each other. Phillip came to a standing position, pulling me with him.

"Here, let me help," he said, picking me up bridal style and carrying me to the bedroom.

Phillip set me down and pulled the covers over me. I watched him walked around to the other side of the bed, getting in behind me. He pulled me back towards his chest and immediately felt the vibrations off him again. Maybe he's humming. Or purring, I joked with myself. Everything was just perfect in that moment, the feeling of my eyelids getting heavy.

"I'm really glad I met you, Phillip," I said quietly with a small yawn.

"Oh, peaches," he was nuzzling my neck now. The vibrations getting

more intense. "I've wanted you since I watched you danced for me earlier."

My eyes snapped open.

Wait... what?!

## 7. Chapter 7: I did not see that coming

### Chapter 7: I did not see that coming

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I was frozen.

My body went stiff while my heart beat rapidly.

There's no way I heard him right.

I remember thinking that I saw a figure during my work out earlier. The only other thing I caught watching me dance was my imaginary peeping-clown. Which was obviously not possible. Who is this guy? Was he watching me from another window during my fatigued strip-tease? A camera in the house? Am I getting 'Punked' right now? What if Phillip is actually the owner of that creepy house next door and has been spying on me this whole time!? My fight or flight senses start to tingle and I can already tell how I'm going to handle this.

Launching myself from the bed, I make a naked, mad dash out of the door and into the kitchen. Olivia sat up, finally coming out of her couch comma at the sound of my feet slapping against the tile floor. Luckily, with the house being as small as it was, it only took me about 15 running steps before I made my next move. My hands reached out and grabbed onto two things at once. A knife from the butcher's block and a dish towel. I turned and faced the bedroom I just left Phillip in while simultaneously trying to cover a small part of my nudity with the towel. Raising the knife in my hand I stood, knees out and apart, ready to defend myself. "Olivia! Come!" I called. Olivia leaped from the couch and ran over to my side, waiting for my next instruction. "Defend!", knowing she would with her life. Strippers like me get bouncers at work to protect them from evil men. Olivia does it for me when work is over. A girl in my profession needs a protector, which is why I trained Olivia this way. Boy, was I glad those \$1500 training lessons were paying off.

60 seconds of silence passed before I thought he might have climbed out the window to escape. Then I heard him speak. I not sure why he stayed in the room but if he makes any weird movements my dog is



going to know what he tastes like.

"Peaches?" Philip called out.

"What the fuck Phill!?" I half screamed towards the bedroom door.  
"Have you been spying on me?!"

"Well, um....yes, I mean no. I'm still trying to figure you out."

"Well, there's nothing to figure out now! You just admitted to spying on me. Get the hell out!" Olivia started to growl next to me. "Phill, I'm dead fucking serious. Get the hell out now and don't come back. You have 20 seconds."

"I can't do that, Quinn. I need to know what you are first. You're not like other people. And I don't think you are like me either."

"Seriously, Phill, Go! 15 seconds!"

"Seriously, Quinn, just tell me what you are!"

"I don't know what the hell you're talking about! 10 seconds!"

Nothing this time. He stayed quiet in the room but I didn't hear any shuffling out of the bed. I did hear something else. Growling. I looked down at Olivia again. I could tell that some of the growls were coming from her but why could I hear growling from the bedroom? I started to panic. "5 seconds!"

A gloved white hand poked out from the doorway. I stared in horror and disbelief as I watched each finger lower and rest against the door frame. Oh my god, what the hell is he doing?! I didn't want to wait and find out. "Olivia, PROTECT!"

In an instant, Olivia ran off and raced across the open room and into the bedroom. Suddenly, the door slammed shut! What the hell!? Why isn't Phillip screaming right now? Roars and barking could be heard from the other side of the door. Oh, no, Olivia! I dropped both the knife and towel as I sprinted to the closed door. Checking that the door was locked I started to slam my palm on the door. "Olivia! Please, Phillip, don't hurt her! OLIVIA!" The growling and barking were drowned out by the sounds of glass breaking and items being

thrown about.

Then, as if someone had hit the mute button, there was silence. I stopped banging on the door, hoping to hear who might still be alive on the other side. Oh god, please let Olivia be ok. Pressing my ear to the door, I tried to make out what I was hearing. It was very faint but I recognized the sound. Growling, again? I wasn't sure whose it was this time, Olivia's or whatever Olivia had attacked. Now, instead of flight, I was choosing fight. I turned and ran back to the knife I had dropped on the ground. Picking it up, I stood my ground as I was prepared to defend myself again. Only this time, I wasn't prepared for the voice I heard right behind me.

"Peaches, listen to me"

I swung around and screamed, falling backward onto my butt.

The clown in front of me screamed, only he made it sounds almost like my scream. This caused me to scream again and scoot away from him.

"HOLY SHIT YOUR REAL!" I yelled at him from the floor. I didn't know how I would survive this so I held up the knife in a last-ditch effort. "Stay the fuck away from me!"

The clown that was towering over me came to a crouch and looked at me. They were the same eyes I saw today. Those blue eyes that were not quite straight. They bore right into me. I was already naked but that look made me feel even more vulnerable than before.

"Please," I whispered out in a strangled cry, "Please don't kill me". A tear slipped past my lashes and rolled down my cheek. Getting murdered by a crazy clown was not how I wanted this trip to go.

The clown closed his eyes and inhaled deeply. When his eyes opened again, they were blue but with orange flecks in them. The clown crawled to me, stopping just above my knees. I was shaking violently and too afraid to blink. If he was going to attack me, I wanted to be ready. I saw his right gloved hand come up and wipe the tears from my cheek away. I stared right at his bunny-like teeth that I remember from earlier.

"Don't be scared, peaches. I'm not going to hurt you."

My eyes went wide at the sound of his voice. It was childlike in the tone but underneath was rough and hoarse. "No, no, I couldn't hurt, peaches," he purred, telling no one in particular.

How can this demonic looking clown know what Phillips nickname for me was? Unless...Oh my god.

"Phillip...?"

The smile that broke across the clown's face was too much for me to take. I had a few thoughts before I let the darkness take me. 1) Was my dog ok? 2) I had mind blowing kitchen sex with a skin changing demonic looking clown.

Fuck.

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My eyes were so heavy. I could feel something soft surrounding me but my eyes wouldn't open to know where I might be. I remember Phillip carrying me to bed last night after our super hot bang session in the kitchen. He was cuddling me and kissing my neck. I must have passed out at that point. I tired my eyes again and they fluttered open this time but with effort. Yup, I was still in bed. Something shifted behind me and I knew Phillip must be getting comfortable. Hmm, maybe he wants to go for round two? I certainly wouldn't say no. I began scooting back till I felt his hard body pressed against my behind. I was about to turn around when I heard the body next to me speak.

"Feeling better, peaches?"

Only, it wasn't Phillip speaking. It was the same guttural kid's voice from earlier. When I was being towered over by...

I was flipped onto my back and pinned down before I had a chance to jump out the bed again. Hovering over me was the same clown as earlier. I opened my mouth to scream again but stopped myself. This time I was mostly angry at whatever it was. What did it want? Why me? Why didn't it kill me yet? I struggled at the gloved hands that

were holding me down. His whole body was spread out on mine preventing me from kicking out. I stopped struggling when I realized I was making zero progress. I felt defeated which only made me angrier.

"Who are you!?" I snapped at the clown.

"I'm Pennywise, The Dancing Clown." He said with a smile. Pennywise closed his eyes as he lowered his head down and loudly sniffed into my hair and skin. He continued to sniff loudly and obnoxiously, Still inhaling, he was bringing his head back up and I watched his eyes roll to the back of his head. Stopping, he let out a deep moan as if he just took the best bite of his favorite food. "And you, sweet cheeks, smell SO FUCKING GOOD! I have to know what you are? I can't figure it out."

I had to tell him. It was either that or he was going to kill me.

"I'm..I'm a stripper," I stated. I don't know why this Pennywise guy thought I was special as a stripper. It's not like strippers were special. At least, why we would be special to a clown.

Pennywise, hooted and laughed at me. "Stripper? ERRRR, wrong. I already knew that! Which, by the way, thank you," he winked at me.

That's it! Now I'm pissed! How dare he make fun of me?! "Listen, PAL, I still don't what is going on but you need to let me go! I need to see if Olivia is okay! Get off!" I started struggling with the hands wrapped around my wrist again. Bucking wildly trying to get this crazy guy off me.

Pennywise moaned again and thrust his pelvis hard into mine causing me to cry out. He was fully clothed but the contact of his privates against mine still took me by surprise. My body was reacting to his sexual torture but my mind was still trying to get free. I think Pennywise sensed this because he was now drooling on my chest and grinding my pelvis slowly. I looked away not trying to show him I was getting turned on. How could I be getting excited by this!? Was he dry humping me right now? What the fuck? He was acting like a teenager. I opened my mouth to tell him to get off me again but a moan came out instead. Fuck you sexually frustrated body!

"Ohhhhh, I knew you'd like that. Does this mean you like me, sweet cheeks? Because I certainly am enjoying you." When he said you, his tongue came out to lick at my chest. He didn't seem to be focused on my breast but instead just tasting my skin. A few times he sucked on me, my throat and breastbone, but it's like he was trying to figure out what...

"HEY. HEY, eyes up here clownboy, why did you ask me what I was, huh? I told you and you say you already knew? What else do you want to know so I can get you the hell off me." I all but spat at him. My anger was only getting stronger the more he tried to tease me.

"Well, for starters, you can tell me why you have a hellhound? Even I've only heard of them. It's not like you can get one at the store."

"Hellhound? What are you talking about?"

"I could show you. But you have to promise not to run and not to scream. She doesn't like it." Pennywise told me. I don't think I'd get very far if I ran but at least he was going to get off me. As much as I was secretly enjoying being teased, I wanted the freedom of moving and for that, I needed him off me.

"Fine. I promise."

"Promise what, sweet cheeks?" Pennywise teased me again with his hips.

"I proooooooooomm... STOP THAT! I promise to not scream and run. Please, get off of me, your so heavy."

Pennywise huffed but at least stayed true to his word. He bound up and jumped off the bed landing near the bedroom door. I got up but stepped down on the other side of the bed. This was the first real look I go of my clown capture without being terrified or underneath him. He was as white and pale as I recall from the window. The outfit he wore was just as pale but not as white. Years of age and overuse took its toll on the fabric. The edges were frayed on the ruffles by his neck and I could see stains in various colors everywhere. Some looked like dirt and grass and the others looked like..... well maybe it's best not to think about that. He seemed excited to show me whatever it was. I

silently prayed it wasn't something that he wanted to kill me with. I slowly walked over to the small chair in the room, reaching for a t-shirt and cotton shorts. Pennywise staring me down the whole time. I finished covering myself, much to the clowns very obvious disappointment, and walked towards the door.

"Come on, I'll show you. I'm so excited!" Pennywise ushered me out into the living room. He was watching me and clapping his hands in excitement. I was keeping an eye on him. I wasn't sure what his plan was but I knew I didn't trust him. "Look, look! You're going to be thrilled," Pennywise was pointing towards the couch. I finally tore my gaze from him. I immediately regretted it.

There on the couch was a huge beast. It was black with a yellow undercoat if it could even be called that. Scales covered it everywhere except its face and tail. The face and feet took on lion-like features but with huge ears like a fox. The tail was smooth and sculpted like an iguana's. I almost screamed but covered my mouth, not wanting to wake up the animal or break my promise to Pennywise. It didn't matter though. The gigantic beast on the couch woke up and lifted its head to look right at me. And then it yawned. There were so many teeth. I just knew that stupid clown had set me up. I was about to get eaten by this horrible thing!

"Where did you get her? She's magnificent! I want one! Can you get me one too?!" Penny was bouncing up and down again at the idea of getting his own hellhound.

"I....I.... I don't own....a....hellhound. I have a ...dog...and her name is...Olivia." At the sound of her name, the hellhound got up made its way towards me. I stood completely still waiting for the inevitable attack. However, the hellhound walked right past me and went to sit right in front of Olivia's dog bowl.

"ohfuck" I whispered out in a breath. That was always her tell that she was hungry. I don't know what to think anymore. "olivia...." I said in an even smaller voice. I got down on my knees, hoping I was wrong. Sure enough, the hellhound bounced over just as happily as Pennywise had a few minutes ago. I reached out and the hound plopped to the ground hoping for belly rubs. I rubbed her just as she liked it, chuckling as her leg started kicking. I was lost in the

moment, both nervous and unsure about what to do next when I saw Pennywise out of the corner of my right eye. He knelt down next to me to watch the interaction.

Still petting Olivia, I glanced over at the clown. "Pennywise, please tell me what's going on. What happened to my dog and where is Phillip?" I couldn't help it, another tear started to roll down my cheek. This time, the clown stopped it before it fell from my face. Somehow, the simple gesture comforted me. I just wanted answers, no matter how crazy.

"Let's get some breakfast in you and then we can talk. I have quite a few questions for you too, Peaches"

## 8. Chapter 8: Blame it on the alcohol

### Chapter 8: Blame it on the alcohol

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I started down into the frying pan that was cooking my eggs. There was already so much to think about. What happened to my dog? Will she change back to her normal self? Why is pennywise a clown? Is he going to kill me? Who is this guy, anyway? What do I do now? Why am I a magnet for the crazy ones? My inner Brain hasn't been any help. Currently, she had a sign up that said: "Closed for Maintenance." Useless lady brain.

Glancing over into the living room, Pennywise and Olivia were on the floor wrestling. I was struggling with enjoying their play time and hating it. On one hand, my date had stayed the night and is now playing with my dog on the floor. Adorable, right? On the other, my date was a scary demon looking freak show clown and was playing with my pitbull turned Hellhound. I let out a long deep sigh and looked upwards. *Jesus take the wheel*, I silently prayed.

"So, 'Penny Wise' was it?" I spoke up from the kitchen.

"No, no. Pennywise. Pennywise. One word. Pennywise. That's me" The clown got up from the floor and made his way to the kitchen. Olivia, following her new best friend, was fast on his heels.

"Okay, Pennywise. How would you like your eggs?" You would have thought I just insulted his mother with the look on his face. It was one of pure horror and disgust.

"BLAH! Gross! As if I could ever eat anything like that. Human food is awful."

Now I was the insulted one. I turned and pointed my spatula at him. "Hey, PEN," I challenged him. "I didn't see you complain about my cooking last night? In fact, I'm pretty sure I saw you eat ALL of the steaks I served you. I don't care who or what you are. Never insult the hand that feeds you." It was obvious I was getting more and more frustrated with my current situation. I mean how could I not?



Pennywise was grinning from ear to ear at me. "Oh, I won't complain about a lot of things that happened last night, sweet cheeks."

I turned back to my eggs, muttering under my breath the whole time. "stupid hormones... ignorant clown-boy..." After a few more minutes the food was ready. At this point, I didn't care if he ate or not. I choose to set the kitchen table for two. He was still a guest in my temporary house, regardless of how fucked up this whole scene was. I was about to sit down when I glanced at Olivia. Shit, do I feed her the food she had? Maybe she won't care? I pour 2 cups of her regular kibble into her food bowl and gave her the signal to eat. She walked up, sniffed the bowl and then sat down next to it.

"Well, fuck," I exclaimed. What do I do now?

"The hound needs meat, Quinn," Pennywise interrupting my thoughts. He sat crouched on the seat of the dining room chair, watching the exchange between me and the hound. "I don't know much about Hellhounds. What I do know is their diet is like mine. They need meat. LOTS of fresh meat."

"Alright, I think I can work with that." Going to the freezer I pulled out a 2-pound brisket I picked up yesterday. Opening it up and placing it down on the floor I gave Olivia the signal to eat again. This time there was no hesitation. I watched as my dog hunkered down and tore into the frozen meat. Pennywise started giggling and clapping excitedly. Great, now I'm going to have to buy a side of beef every time I need to feed her. I turned to my own food and sat down opposite Pennywise. I put a piece of the egg in my mouth and chewed but didn't taste anything. My mind was so numb to everything at this point. Would it be weird if I started drinking right now? I mean it is my vacation technically? Would a glass of wine at 6 am make me look bad? I glanced back at the clown.

Nope, fuck it.

I got up to pour myself more of the wine 'Phillip' brought over last night. I took a big gulp before bringing the glass and the bottle back to the table. "Ok, start talking clown. Let's begin with what you are and what you plan on doing with me?"

"Fine!" Pennywise huffed. He really did act like a child. "I can't really explain to you what I am. All I can tell you is I have been around for a very, very long time. Oh and I eat and consume the fear of my prey. But enough about me! Let talk about you!" He booped me on the nose. "I'm not sure what I'm going to do with you. Depends on what you are I guess."

"See that right there? You keep saying that but I'm not at all sure what the hell you're talking about. I'm a human. I have human parents. Helen and Brian. Nothing exciting about me. Just a girl who loves to dance and left at 18 to become a stripper. I keep to myself and I certainly have never been anything other than a human." I downed the rest of the wine in my glass and poured more. There was no reason for him to keep saying that. My life was boring before this. It had always been boring. There wasn't a reason for Pennywise to think I was anything different. I took another drink of wine, wishing for harder liquor.

"Now, peaches, I know that's not true. Even if you really don't know what you are I know you're not human. First off, I fucked you good."

I shot him a murderous look during another huge gulp of wine.

"Hey, I don't mate with humans. Gross. Second, there is no way, and I mean NONE, that a human could possess THAT!" Pennywise shot hit finger in Olivia's directions. She was currently snoring loudly and laying on her back with her legs in all directions. I let out a wine induced giggle and hiccup.

"Third, your scent is like something I've never smelled before. It's always there, always lingering. It doesn't smell the same as everyone else. The pure terror I inflict makes everyone sweet but yours," his voice became lower and huskier. He leaned in across the table and inhaled deeply at me, his eyes fluttering. "Let me put it in human food terms. You smell like freshly baked peach cobbler covered in handmade vanilla ice cream with freshly harvested maple syrup drizzled all over."

We stared into each other's eyes. His were blue again but this time they were a rich blue, like sapphires. I couldn't believe that this clown had just described me as a delectable baked good and made it

sound sexy. I'm super flattered. And slightly turned on. Also, and I'm just guessing here, slightly intoxicated. Whether he was Phillip or Pennywise, no guy ever complimented me the way he has in the day and a half I've known him. Just my luck to find a decent guy finally and he's a supernatural being. Fucking figures.

"Was there something else?"

Pennywise blinked rapidly and looked away, "Ah yes, I saved the best for last." There was that grin again. Ear to ear and making me very uncomfortable. "No way you could be human because any human who drinks my blood would not survive for long afterward."

"Well, I haven't had any of your blood yet so I guess we'll never know."

"Oh, you sure about that, peaches?" Pennywise looked at me then the wine. Then back at me and then the wine. Over and over.

Then it hit me.

"You mother fucker!" I jumped up and dumped the rest of what was left in my glass in the sink. I stomped back for the bottle and drained it into the sink too. Unfortunately, there was less than a 1/3 in the bottle I had drunk so much plus last night. "Damnit, Penny! What the hell!"

The clown was on the floor rolling around and hooting with laughter. "Your face! AH HA, you should see your face!"

That arrogant son of a bitch! That's it! He is DEAD! I walked over and brought my foot back to kick him right in the stomach. Right before my foot made contact, Pennywise grabbed my leg. In one fluid motion, he pulled me on top of him and pushed himself off the floor launching us to the ceiling. A loud cry escaped my mouth as I realized that Pennywise had me pinned to the ceiling and was on top on me...under me? Whatever, we were in the air and nothing was holding us up! I wrapped my arms and legs around him for support hoping he wouldn't drop me.

Pennywise took this opportunity to inhale deeply from my neck. With

a groan, he let out a huge breath in my hair, "ugh, peaches. What. Are. You?" I felt him vibrating again. He seemed to do that whenever he was aroused or complacent. And whenever I was in his arms.

It all hit me at once. The blood spiked wine. A supernatural sex god clown. My life-sized Pokemon dog. Being held against the ceiling and my ruined vacation. I don't know how I've held on this long. My emotions took over control by letting out a huge sob. I started crying like no other. This was the ugly cry to end all ugly cries. I just wanted to be told that is was all gonna be ok. It was just a bad dream and I wasn't in whatever nightmare my mind made up. Sucking in a huge breath and let out another horrible sob, I continued to cry on Pennywise neck. It surprisingly felt really good to just be held, questionable company notwithstanding. I wish I'd never left Portland.

"Shhh, shhh. Don't cry, peaches. It's all gonna be ok. I'm glad you left Portland. If you hadn't, I would never have known you existed."

How did he know I was thinking about Portland? Unless...

Another big cry left my mouth making me bury my face further into Pennywise's' neck. This caused him to hug me tighter.

"cc-can yy-you nn-noot r-read mmm-my mmm-mind pp-pl-ease?" I sobbed into him. The clown was rubbing the back of my head with one hand, comforting me like a child. The other was wrapped around my midsection. The gesture was sweet but my mind was still reeling. If the clown was telling the truth then I wasn't human. And if I wasn't human what was I?

Sniff. "Pennywise?" Sniff

"Hmm?"

"If neither one of us knows what I am, how do we find out?" hiccup

"Let's not worry about that now, sweet cheeks. Let's get you some rest. How about a nap and then answers later?"

hiccup, sniff, yawn "ok." I didn't even bother resisting. I had no energy to argue. All I wanted to do was curl into a ball and never wake up. Pennywise was basically giving me permission to do so.

"Close your eyes, Quinn." I did as I was told. There was a brief moment where there was no oxygen or sound. Just the feeling of being held by my crazy clown-boy. Then the soft comforter against my back and Pennywise on top of me. He unwrapped himself around me and I was immediately taken back by how lonely I felt. I shifted to get underneath the covers and looked around for Pennywise. He was standing at the edge of the bed, looking lost in his own thoughts.

"Pen?"

"Peaches?" He looked at me with his blue cross eyes.

"Are you leaving?" I asked in a small voice.

"Do you want me to?"

"No." I really didn't want him to go. As crazy as it sounds, he was the closest thing I had to a friend right now.

"I have to go soon tho. I'm getting hungry. But I can stay with you till you fall asleep."

"Do you promise to be back later?" yawn

He nodded at me. The same way a child would nod if you asked if they wanted chocolate milk.

I held my hand out to him. "Come here then."

Pennywise wasted no time crawling into bed with me. And I wasted no time in snuggling up to his chest. We laid there, facing each other, my face under his chin because of his size. I was starting to calm down a bit and I know he could sense it. I felt the vibrations from him again but this time it was relaxing to me. Almost like falling asleep in a massage chair. Hm, I have to admit, this clown guy was starting to grow on me. Even if he did dupe me into thinking he was Phillip.

Um, technically, he is Phillip. Oh, look who decided to come out and join us. Go back in your stupid hole, Brain.

The last thing I heard before I drifted off was the sound of

Pennywise's light chuckling and soft vibrations.

## 9. Chapter 9: You can run but you can't hid

### Chapter 9: You can run but you can't hide

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The sound of kids and squealing bus brakes are what brought me out of my nap. I stretched and yawned big, grateful for the extra sleep my mind and body clearly needed. There wasn't a desperate need to get out of bed right away. Other than needing to let Olivia out to the bathroom. Thinking of Olivia brought on all the things that have happened in the last 24 hours. Finding out that Pennywise and Phillip were the same 'thing' was definitely a hard pill to swallow. Come on, don't act like you don't want to see if Pennywise fucks as good as Phillip does, came my inner thoughts. I didn't answer myself since I was afraid of what the answer would be.

I reached out, looking for Olivia, seeing as how she normally ends up on the bed with me. My hand came in contact with short hair and soft ears. A big smile spread across my face feeling the familiar soft, short coat Olivia had. She was under the covers, as was her custom, trying to get toasty warm with me. I snuck a peek at her under there just to confirm what my hands already felt.

"There's my favorite girl," I cooed at Olivia. She gave me a small lick and thumped her tail loudly in acknowledgment. I'm not really sure of the how, when or why. Either way, it was a blessing to see my dog looking back to normal.

I continued to lay in bed, looking around the room and lazily petting Olivia. Glancing at the bedside clock I saw that it was only 9:30 am. I had only been asleep for about 2 hours. This was good news. I didn't want to waste my day sleeping or doing nothing in bed. It would be nice to get out and explore a bit, but I wasn't sure when Pennywise would be back. I was kinda looking forward to talking to him more. I still had so many questions for him that we really didn't cover this morning.

"Come on, Olivia, let's get some coffee." The house heat was on low and my whole body tightened up at the feeling of the cool air against my exposed skin. I grabbed my robe and put on some slippers before

walking towards 'The Wake Up Juice'.

We headed into the kitchen, myself heading straight for the coffee maker. Now seemed like a safe time to let Olivia outside in the backyard. While the coffee brewed I let her out and watched as she carried out her business. My mind began to wander back to Pennywise. What could he be doing right now? What does he do during the daylight? Where does he live? Why doesn't that ass hat like my cooking?

Geez, listen to me. I sound like a nagging girlfriend.

I made up my coffee and stepped out onto the tiny back porch waiting for Olivia to finish up. Despite it being December, we have been blessed with a very mild winter. I loved a good snowfall and hot chocolate but I was glad there wasn't a blizzard or below zero temperatures keeping me indoors.

I took a sip of my coffee, Oh yea.

Thinking into that more, now would be the perfect time to see the countryside. All the kids will be at school so I could enjoy a little hike through a trail with Olivia undisturbed.

With my mind made up, I let Olivia in the house and headed for the shower.

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I didn't have to drive far to find a forest preserve entrance. Pulling my truck into a parking space I smiled when I realized that no one else was here. No cars, means no people, meant no leash.

I let Olivia out and reached into the truck for our backpacks and my iPod. Having a dog backpack was helpful in more ways than one. First, it added extra weight to her so it made her work harder. A tired puppy is a good puppy. Secondly, it helped to have her carry items that just wouldn't already fit into my own pack.

After getting us both buckled in I popped my earbuds in and readjusted my knitted beanie. Originally, I wasn't sure if I should pack any of my jogging gear. I'm glad I decided to at the last minute.



I was dressed in black tights, hot pink trail runner top, sneakers and a white fleece vest. Strapping my iPod to my arm and starting up a playlist we headed for the closest trail.

I power walked for about a mile before I started into a jog. Olivia was keeping pace near me, running off occasionally to smell a tree or falling log. There was a very thin blanket of snow on the ground but the heat from the early afternoon sun was starting to melt it off. There was hardly any sound other than what Olivia and I made in breathing and feet hitting the wet snow. The quiet was relaxing, the smell of the forest intoxicating.

Living in the city had its perks. Restaurants and shopping open late, everything was practically within walking distance. The money was better for someone in my profession too. I couldn't imagine making \$2000 in one week if I worked somewhere out here. Huh, I wonder if there is a strip club in Derry? I mean, there was already a demon clown. Who's to say that the people of Derry and the surrounding counties didn't need to get their rocks off somewhere else other than their wives. I chuckled out loud at the thought.

Olivia and I had been jogging into the trail for about 25 minutes before we came upon a small stream. This seemed like a good spot to take a break. Right along the water line were rows of boulders in various sizes. I climbed to the top of the smallest one and took off my backpack. I reached inside and grabbed a granola bar for me and a few jerky treats for Olivia. I tossed the treats down to her, watching her catch them with her mouth every time. I pulled my earbuds out to better hear the water and nature around me. Leaning back and snacking on my granola bar I took in a deep breath, letting it out slowly.

Yea, I can't get this kind of air back home. The air quality alone is enough to make me want to stay. I loved the idea of having a small cabin that Olivia and I could call home. Somewhere no quite in town, but close enough to drive in for supplies. Olivia could run and chase rabbits and squirrels all day. If she randomly shifted into a hellhound I wouldn't have to freak out thinking the neighbors might see her.

Pulling a water bottle out of my pack I took a few huge gulps before offering some to Olivia. I smiled to myself, thinking about the simple

life we could have out here in the country. I could start a YouTube channel about dancing and stripping. Maybe even hosting online video classes right in the comfort of my own home. Or maybe I could even open a bar/dance club. Hmm, the idea was intriguing. I wonder if Pennywise would like it if I stayed?

Whoa, where did that come from?

I mean, it's not like I'm dating the clown. Yea, we had incredible sex but that was before I knew what he was. Yea, ok, Quinn. You keep telling yourself that. You like him, girl. Why else would you ask him to lay down with you last night? Protection? You already have a guard dog.

Ugh, I hate to admit it but my Inner Brain was right. I did kind of like the clown. I'm not entirely sure why but I was so drawn to him. It could be from the wine/blood he duped me into drinking. My skin was getting warmer just thinking about that. I wonder what's going to happen to me now that I have crazy clownboy blood in me? Better add that to the list of things I still need to discuss with my new 'friend'.

I started packing up my empty water bottle and wrappers. It was getting close to noon and I wasn't sure when Pennywise would be back. Just then, a light bulb went off in my head! How could I forget!? I was texting Phillip the night before he came over about when and where to meet me. Reaching into my pack again I grabbed my phone and shot a quick text to Phillip/Pennywise.

**Hey. Not even sure if you're going to see this but you never said when you were coming back to my place? - Quinn**

I sat back on the rock watching Olivia become fascinated with something in the water. Probably a minnow or leaf moving around. She stared down into the water before plunging her nose in and making quick work of whatever it was that looked tasty enough to eat. I wasn't sure anymore about the policy of hellhounds and bacteria from eating random stuff or drinking creek water. I figured it was probably somewhere between "oh, well" and "fuck if I know". I felt a familiar vibration go off in my hand before glancing down to see Pennywise had actually texted me back. Huh, this guy was just

full of tricks and surprises.

**Well hello there, peaches. How are you after your beauty sleep?**  
- P

**Better. Who knew that finding out I banged a demon clown who thinks I smell like a dessert would exhaust me?** - Quinn

**:0) Your Welcome** - P

**I can't help but wonder how hard it must be for you to type onto a phone with those gloved fingers of yours. I bet you look like an old man trying to figure out the buttons for the first time. HA!** - Quinn

**It's 50t N?ce t() maK3 Foon ()f 9e09le, Q}inn.** - P

I couldn't help but laugh out loud at his remark. Pennywise/Phillip was cute and charming no matter which form he took on.

**I rest my case, LOL. So, clownboy, are you coming back to my place or what?** - Quinn

**Mmmmm Peaches. Is this your way of asking for another round with Ol' Pennywise?** - P

**NO! That's not what I meant and you know it. I had sex with Phillip, not you.** - Quinn

**To-may-to, to-mah-to, sweet cheeks. OOOOO, perhaps another strip tease? I did like the first one so very much.** - P

My hand hovered over the keyboard on my phone. I wanted to tease him back but I didn't want to lead him on. I really wanted answers to so many questions I still had. I mean, If Phillip showed back up I may not be able to help myself. But sex with the clown...eh, I don't know about that.

**Ignoring that last comment, I'll be home in about an hour. I need to stop back at the store. I was told very recently that my dog now eats truckloads of meat.** - Quinn

I quickly put my phone back in my pack before he could respond. We still needed to make our way back to the truck and then drive into town. Hopping down from my boulder I called for Olivia to come.

I never even saw a large amount of blood that was flowing down the creek.

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The parking lot was busier this time around. It was nothing but Minivans and SUVs everywhere. Obviously, this was peak soccer mom shopping hours seeing as how their kids were all in school. I felt a few eyes wandering in my direction as I stepped out of my truck. I had left it running again with the windows cracked for Olivia, making sure to grab my spare key before making my way to the front of the store.

After grabbing a cart, I weaved in and out of the overly chatty women, trying to reach the meat department. I was right in the middle of adding package after package of various meats to my cart when I heard something I was not expecting at all.

"Hey, Tiffany baby."

I spun around so fast, gripping a package of beef in my hand so tightly it was bending in the middle. Smiling at me with longing and excitement was my work regular, "Ned Flanders". I tried to speak but my mouth just hung open in shock, confusion, and terror. What in the absolute FUCK was he doing here?

'Ned Flanders' extended out his hand to me in an attempt to break the silence. I looked at the appendage like it had turned into a tentacle. There wasn't a chance in hell I was going to shake his hand.

"Tiffany, I want to introduce myself properly this time. I'm Gary. Gary Hughes. You look great, by the way. I've missed you."

"Gary, what the fuck are you doing here?" I whispered rather loudly at him.

"Well, you see, I heard you tell Coco last week that you were going to take a week off. I didn't like hearing how you were just going to leave

me and not say goodbye. I really do miss you, baby."

"I AM NOT, your baby. And you need to leave immediately."

"Now, now, Tiff. I told you the other day that I had an early Christmas gift for you. Would you please come to my car so I can give it to you?"

I was stuck. I knew this wasn't going to end well but this time I didn't have my bouncer, Pat, here to save me. Shit, think Quinn, THINK!

As if answering my prayers, a familiar had snuck itself around my waist. "Hey, peaches. Did you pick up everything we needed?"

I swung my head towards the voice to see Phillip towering above me wearing a gorgeous smile just for me. Oh, this could go good or bad, I thought.

"Um-uh, yeah, right. Stuff and, um, food. Yea, I was... I was getting it now." My mouth was barely able to form sentences. I didn't know how to get Phillip out of this encounter and Gary the fuck out of my life. God, please let Gary get the hint. *Oh, look, Gary is staring at Phillip like he just stole his favorite toy out of the sandbox*, my Inner Brain noticed. Well, shit.

Phillip extended out his hand to Gary, mimicking the same action he probably just witnessed him do to me. "Hello. I'm Phillip, Tiffany's boyfriend. And you are?"

Oh, thank you, Jesus, he heard Gary use my stage name and didn't call me Quinn. I'm going to have to owe Pennywise for this big time. Should I get him a Christmas present? What exactly do you get a magical clown for Christmas?

Gary's expression went from pissed to deadly in an instant. I, however, shifted towards Phillip in an attempt to get his point across. Maybe if I looked extremely unavailable he'll leave me in peace and I can file for an order of protection after the holidays. Gary reached out and took hold of Phillips outstretched hand. "Gary Hughes. I'm sorry, did you say boyfriend? Tiffany, I thought you were unattached?"

"I...," Phillip cut me off before I could continue.

"She was. We started dating yesterday."

"Oh, well how long have you know each other?"

"Since yesterday," Phillip continued. Ugh, you might as well tell him you picked me up in a truck stop bathroom while you're at it. Telling Gary we just met yesterday and started seeing each other in one day makes me look really good. As much as I wanted to jab my elbow into Phillip, I kept my emotions in check.

Phillip/Pennywise was growling. It was low and barely noticeable to someone who might not expect to hear something like that. But with how close I was standing to him I could feel it more than hear it. Shit, I don't know what my clownboy's policy was about feeling threatened but I really didn't want to see and find out. I had to step in before the questions got too involved.

"Gary, I'm going to pretend that I didn't just see you here. You need to leave this town right now, drive back home and forget that you stalked me here. If you don't I will be calling the police." I could feel my confidence coming back now that the initial shock of seeing him worn off. Phillip gave my waist a slight squeeze of reassurance. Or maybe it was possessiveness, I don't really know.

"Fine, fine. Listen, I know it was wrong of me to just show up like this but there is something I've been wanting to tell you. I love you, Tiffany. I think we should be together. Don't think I didn't notice all the extra dance moves you did for me last week. I didn't peg you for a slut that took in strays though. I'm better for you than this guy. I'm a better choice for you."

Phillip was about to step in front of me but I beat him to it. I took one step forward and slapped him hard across the face. Gary reached up and grabbed his reddening cheek, a look of shock in his eyes. Behind me, Phillip was smirking.

No one talks to me that way.

"Listen, asshole. I don't know who the fuck you think you are but all

you are to me is a paycheck. What your doing right now is harassment and stalking. So, unless you want to explain to your family why you had to spend a night in a jail cell in Derry, Maine you better back the fuck away." My voice sounded strong but my body was shaking with rage. It took every ounce of my being not to mess up his stupid face!

At this point, we had drawn a crowd of people who were talking and pointing in our direction. Phillip was still standing behind me, arms crossed and with a very pleased look on his face. Gary opened his mouth to say something but a grocery manager walked up to us.

"Is there a problem here, folks?"

"No, this guy," I looked back at Gary, " was just leaving. Weren't you?"

Gary opened his mouth to speak again but nothing came out. Instead, he nodded to the manager before giving an evil stare down to Philip and myself. Gary turned on his heel and stormed away. Hopefully, out of my life too. I was going to have to call work about what happened. They will make sure Gary Hughes never comes back. The manager walked away seeing that there was nothing to do. Most of the crowd was beginning to dissipate. I turned to Phillip. He was watching Gary walk away with yellow, cat-like eyes.

Phillip looked back at me, his blue eyes changing to a mix of aquamarine with cobalt. "I can smell his hatred towards me. He wanted what was mine and I don't share. He's lucky I didn't end his existence right here. "

"As sweet as you make obliteration sound, I can't have you going around and hurting people because of me. I'm no stranger to creeps who like me too much. Granted, this is the worst it's ever been but I can take care of myself. "

"But I can take care of you better."

I let out a sigh. Typical guy, thinking I needed saving. Demon clown or not, a girl like me needed to know how to defend herself. One of the first things I did as a stripper was signing up for self-defense classes. Then again, I was so shocked when I saw Gary I did freeze

up. Having Phillip/Pennywise here gave me the confidence I needed to tell him off. The slap I gave Gary was nothing compared to what i wanted to do. I let him off easy.

"Either way, thank you." I said to Phillip, "I'm glad you showed up when you did. That could have ended a lot worse."

"Ha, are you kidding, peaches? I just watched you hit a human." Phillip grabbed my waist again and pulled me towards him. "Mmm, maybe next time you want to get rough you can do it with me instead? My bite is definitely worse than my bark."

"Oh, I don't doubt that for a second," I said with a chuckle.

Without even thinking about it, my palms were rubbing up and down his chest. There was no mistaking his actions anymore, Pennywise was purring. "Hey, clownboy," I whispered, "wanna come back to my place? We still have lots of talking to do."

"Lead the way, sweet cheeks."



## 10. Chapter 10: Clean up, aisle 9

### Pennywise POV

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I stretched back on the large boulder currently eating my latest meal. The 6-year-old boy didn't even stand a chance against me. Luring him away from recess with the floating balloon was easy. The giant anaconda I turned into was fun. It's been a while since any of my prey have had snakes as a fear.

I grabbed an arm and tore it from the small torso, blood running down the rock and into the creek. Taking a bite I starting thinking about my new favorite thing.

Quinn.

I wonder what Quinn is doing now?

Ever since she had my blood I could feel if she is upset or angry but that's about it. And I can only read her mind if she is in my arms. So strange....

Just another reason I know she isn't human. I don't have these issues with my food. The screaming, crying and fear is easier to feel with them.

I badly want to taste, Quinn. And not in the way I've already tasted her. Just thinking about her splayed on the counter, naked and squirming under me is making me hard.

Stay on track, we are going to wanna taste her blood and soon. Feel her essence run down my throat so I can finally figure out if she is like me.

Yes, but, I dont want to hurt her. Oh, how happy I would be to have another like me. It could be just the two of us. Eating the children of Derry. Then all of Maine. And then the WORLD!

Together.

Forever.

IDIOT! First, I need to drink her! I've never wanted anything so bad in my life. The last time I was this excited was when I exploded that Ironwork building on Easter. I had so much to eat that day!

I should bring her down to my sewer soon. See if she likes it.

Huh, what if she doesn't? Why do I care anyway? It's not like I need her approval!

Well, wait, I don't know actually. Why do I feel like I want her approval?

UGH! Stupid feelings! Why are they so dumb and complicated!?

BUZZ! BUZZ!

Huh, wha!?

What was that!?

Hey. Not even sure if you're going to see this but you never said when you were coming back to my place? - Quinn

OH! It's PEACHES!

Hey! She's making fun of my gloves!

Ha, she won't be complaining when I fuck her with them later.

SEE!? Called it. She wants me to come back over. I knew she wanted Ol' Pennywise again.

I'm gonna be waiting at her place when she gets back! She'll be so surprised and maybe I can get a scare out of her!

I left the body fall into the stream, popping out of existence on the large rock and appearing blood free and standing in the kitchen of Quinn's rental.

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It's been more than a half hour. I've sniffed all her scent out of the

pillows waiting for her.

I was perched on the dresser going through her suitcase.

Clothes, clothes, shoes, clothes, makeup, oh thong, shoes, clothes, oh bra, clothes, clothes. Ugh, I'm bored again. Maybe I should go and finish my snack before she comes back.

Out of nowhere, a shiver runs down my spine.

Quinn.

Something's wrong.

I appeared on the ceiling of the grocery store looking down as the people hurry about. There she is. My Peaches. She's looking at a man and she is terrified.

I have to get to her. Right now.

I will fucking destroy this piece of shit. Trying to take what's mine. I can smell his desire from here. It makes me want to gag.

When I kill him, I'm not going to even bother eating him. I'll watch as maggots and worms devour him for years and years.

No one scares my Peaches, but me.

Quinn belongs to Pennywise!

## 11. Chapter 11: The game with no winners

\$300 in meat later the three of us were finally headed back to the house. The drive back to the rental was quiet. When we first got to the truck Olivia was practically screaming with delight at the sight of me and Phillip. She always acted that way for me but I've never seen her get this excited over another person. The few times a date actually came to the house, Olivia acted like they were furniture after her initial greeting. Seeing her lose her shit over Phillip made me question my dog's motive. My best guess was that it was a non-human thing.

And then there was Pennywise. Not only did he help me with getting the groceries in the flatbed of my truck, he put the cart in the corral for me. Then I watch in fascination as he called out to tell me to stop what I was doing. Phillip walked over and opened my door for me! Seriously, I almost fainted at the sight of him doing something so sweet... and human.

Gosh, even saying that in my head was hard to do. I'm still trying to wrap my mind about the existence of Pennywise and my hellhound pup. To think about myself not being like everyone else was an entirely different scenario. *Oh, let's not forget that he called himself your boyfriend in front of Gary earlier.* Thanks for the reminder, Brain, I need to talk to him about that. I knew he had said it to get Gary the hint to hit the road but then he growled. He was protecting me sure, but there was obviously a possessiveness to it as well.

The awkward part of the drive came when I glanced at Pennywise out of the corner of my eye. The clown was still in Phillip form looking like the devilishly handsome human he was too good at pretending to be. Olivia was sitting between us, Phillip's hand resting on her shoulders. Strange, the way they were both looking at each other was eerie. Like watching a real life staring contest since neither one of them were blinking. It almost looked like they were having a silent conversation.

Huh, was it possible they were somehow communicating? I decided to break the silence to find out.

"I'm sorry to interrupt but are you having a conversation with my dog?"

Both of them looked at me simultaneously. Olivia stayed quite while Phillip answered "No" very quickly. I didn't believe either of them for a second.

I couldn't help but laugh at them both. The way they both looked at me, I knew. "You're such a liar! I can tell by the guilty look on both your faces you were talking to each other somehow."

My curiosity got the better of me. Honestly, how could I not ask what my dog was thinking about? I had to know. My only hope: Olivia putting in a good word for me. Who knew my dog would be my wingman one day.

"So, whatcha talkin' 'bout?" I said with a sly smile when Phillip didn't respond to me.

"Well, Olivia wanted to know when she could eat. She's hungry. "

Figures. My dog is finally able to hold a heart to heart with someone and the first thing she brings up is food.

"Also, she asked if I liked you. I told her I did," Phillip mentioned nonchalantly.

A blush crept up my neck and face. Wow, this was weird and cute all in one. Olivia is going to get as much meat as she wanted when we get home. The corners of my mouth turned up into a smile as I kept an eye on the road. I couldn't help the feelings I got whenever I thought about Phillip. Even as Pennywise, he was still turning out to be better than any guy I ever dated.

"She also wanted me to tell you that when we mate again if you can keep it down. She can't sleep because you make too much noise."

OH, MY GOD!

I'm going to die of embarrassment right here behind the wheel. My hand came up to shield my face, not wanting him to look at me but also not wanting to look at either of them. I could hear Phillip

laughing. Whether it was at me or more of his conversation with Olivia I don't know. Whatever extra portion I was going to give that damn dog can be forgotten about now!

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Once we got home and all the groceries put away, I was finally able to relax a bit. I fed Olivia, giving her a death stare the whole time. She didn't even look at me as I added three pounds of raw hamburger to her bowl. Ungrateful beast.

I wanted to start preparing food for myself but there was so much I wanted to talk about with Phillip/Pennywise. The fewer distractions the better. This way I could finally interrogate him about himself and what he might know about what I could possibly be. I started the coffee pot, anticipating that this could take a while. Walking over to the couch with my coffee cup I turned on the stereo and set some background noise. If there was one thing I hate as of now it's awkward silences. The car ride here pretty much killed that for me.

My clownboy was still in his Phillip body. We sat on the couch but on separate ends. I did that purposely to limit the amount of wandering stray hands. I might as well start out with the big questions. Having been intimate with each other already I felt I didn't need to beat around the bush. He was already looking at me, waiting for me to talk. However, he was also glancing at other parts of me too. My face was getting warm the way he was looking at me. It was like watching a lion scare down a zebra on the Discovery Channel. Once again, unable to handle the silence, I spoke up.

"You know, as much as I'm enjoying you eye fucking me right now, I really do want to have a serious talk about everything that's been going on"

Phillip let out a deep sigh, not even bothering to stop his visual assault, "You can talk and get 'eye fucked' at the same time you know. But if you would prefer I look at your face I can do that. Luckily for me, your face is also very pleasing."

Shit, I'm blushing again. Stop that! Damnit, this was going to be harder than I thought.

"How about we make this a game?" I suggested.

Phillip perked up at that. "I love games!"

Chuckling at his enthusiasm I went on, "Very simple rules, I ask a question, you answer it to the best of your ability. Then it's your turn to ask me, so on and so forth."

"Oh, ok, so Truth or Dare but without the dare?"

"Exactly."

"Ok, I choose dare."

My face stayed blank for half a second before I realized what he said. "No, sweetie, you ask me a question not tell me what....You know what? Nevermind, I'll go first." At this point I was annoyed. How could he look like a 25-year-old something, be so insanely hot and act like a kid?

"Ok," I sat up straight and taking in a breath before letting it out along with my question. "Why did you call yourself my boyfriend in the supermarket? Was it because of Gary or is that how you ask a girl out where you come from?"

"Well, you can call me whatever you want. I said it because I wanted him to know that you belong to me. He seemed stupid so I explained it so his simple human brain could understand."

"What do you mean I 'belong' to you? I didn't give you permission to own me?"

"Ah, see that's where you're wrong, Peaches." Phillips voice got very deep and quite. When it got like this the last time, he was talking about hating kids and then we were making out in the kitchen. "You see, you do get a say in the matter but not until we figure out what you are. Until then, you are mine. I am yours. You might need to be protected, which you clearly did today. There might also come a time when your true self is revealed and I'll be the only other being that could possibly help you with it. You would have to come to me willingly, in your true form and me in mine, for us to be bound together completely. Otherwise, we are just taking pleasure in each

other. Which, you'll not hear me complain about," Phillip winked at me.

As adorable as the wink at the end was, my mouth had gone dry by his speech. That was a lot to take in. Especially since I wasn't planning on coming back after my week was up. This was just supposed to be a vacation. Not a supernatural journey of self-discovery! What the hell, I can't win. I'll just have to cross that bridge when I get there. I took another sip of coffee before I spoke, needing my saliva glands to start working again.

"Ok, now it's your turn to ask me." I croaked out.

"Truth or Dare?"

"Ugh, no. Ask me a question I meant."

"Alright. Who is this Gary human to you? He seems to think you belong to him already?"

"Yeah, so this guy is a regular customer at the strip club I work at."

"Oh. What's a strip club?" Phillip asked me with a straight face. What? How could he not know the answer to this is?

"Um, I told you I was a stripper before and you said you already knew. How did you not know what it is?"

"I read a little of your mind very quickly when I met you at the human food store that first time. You were trying to decide if you should tell me you were a stripper or not. I know the stripper is the human that dances with arms and legs everywhere. I've never heard of a club? Is it the place where you train your skills and other strippers dance fight each other? If so, I wanna go to this strip-club! Can you take me to one later? I wanna see you dance and hit another dumb human."

Luckily, I hadn't been taking a sip of coffee otherwise I would've choked or spit it everywhere. The look of seriousness in how he explained what I did was so crazy it started a wave of laughter deep inside me. It could tell my laughter was upsetting him since he didn't find his request funny at all. It still took me a few minutes to regain



my composure. "Oh, geez. Well, um, Pennywise, another name for a stripper is called an Exotic Dancer. Do you remember what you watched me do here in the living room from the window over there?"

The confident sly smile was back. "Oh yeah, peaches. I'll always remember" he said with a sexy grin and low voice again.

"Well, I do the same thing at my job. Only I'm normally wearing much less clothing or just topless. Men and women come to watch me dance like that and pay me money. Lots and lots of money. I'm actually one of the best girls my club has."

Phillips' face turned into a deep scowl. I could tell that answer did not sit well with him. His hands were turning into fist and it looked like he might say something loud and mean. However, my stupid Inner Brain took over, needing to continue with the explanation.

"So, that's how I know Gary. He has this obsession with me and comes to watch me dance a couple of days a week. He always pays for private dances and tips better than most of my regulars. I never once expected his fascination with me to get this out of hand. I'll be calling my work tomorrow to let them know what happened."

Phillip was looking past me but at nowhere in particular. His handsome human face has never looked more like Pennywise's' until this moment. It looked like he was having a hard time staying in this human form. One of his eyes, normally Penny's lazy eye, was drifting off in its own direction. Outrage gleaming in his now orange, yellow eyes. Phillips scowl had deepened, due to the sharp teeth that had started to show in his mouth. I wasn't sure how to snap him out of it. Was it like a person who sleepwalks? I don't think you're supposed to walk them up. Shit, what do I do? I think I broke Pennywise.

"Um, Penny," I said with a small voice. I set my mug on the coffee table. I was really concerned for my clown. He didn't look so good. As frightening as he was starting to look, I was more anxious that he was stuck in an emotional loop he wouldn't know how to get out of. Scooting closer, I closed the distance between us. "You ok, babe?"

I reached up slowly and touched my open palm to his distorted face. In an instant, he recovered and looked right at me, both eyes back in

place and as blue as I remember them. He had me worried there for a second. Phillip brought his hand up and placed it over the one I had rested against his cheek.

"Quinn, I don't ever want you *stripping*," he said the word like it was covered in filth, "for anyone else other than me from now on. Do you understand?"

My mouth opened to argue back at him but I closed it instead. I was so relieved to see him back to normal I almost hugged him. I know this clown couldn't tell me how to live my life. How I choose to earn my money and make a living for myself was none of his business. On the other hand, I've already thought about how I really didn't want to strip anymore. And as much as I hated to admit it, the clown was right. Penny hasn't lied to me yet and he clearly expects me to be something else other than human. Knowing that I should take extra precautions with myself. Maybe it really was time to think about that cottage and online instruction channel?

"Yes, Pennywise. I promise not to strip for anyone else but you."

This pleased him immensely. He pulled me closer so that my back was leaning into him. Phillip wrapped both his arms around me giving me the hug I had wanted to give him a second ago. I could feel his vibrations startup. If I had never seen Phillip turn into a demon clown I might have thought him part cat because of the purring. I wasn't sure if he was giving or taking comfort from me but every time I ended up in his arms I've never felt safer.

"It's your turn, Peaches. Ask away"

"Where do you live?"

"The house next door...Kinda. There's a well in the basement that leads to where I have all my things."

It took me a moment but then the realization dawned on me. He wanted me to come here! He was the one that was messing with my BnB app. I leaned back in his arms, smiling when I asked him, "That was you, wasn't it? You gave me the tour of the house and showed me the well and the balloon coming out of it?"

Pennywise blushed! He actually blushed a little. Oh my goodness, I wanted to explode at the sight of him getting this adorable. He was looking down at his lap, shyly biting his lip. Obviously, he wasn't used to being caught off his guard. "Well, to be honest, I sensed you coming into Derry. It's one of the reasons I followed you to the grocery store. I felt you before I even saw you. That's how I knew something was different about you. I wanted to make sure you stayed close by so I showed you my house first, to make you want to see it. It just so happens that this house was for rent."

Now it was my turn to blush. This must be the demon equivalent of telling a girl you wanted to get to know her better. "That's got to be the silliest and cutest thing someone has ever done for me. Thank, Penny. Oh, and Yes, I would love to see where you live soon." I smiled up at him. The smile he gave me back was sending butterflies in my stomach. "Alright, Romeo, your turn."

"When are you going to dance for me again," he asked.

Oh, the amount of torture I could put this clown through right now. If he wants an answer to his questions I'll make it worth his while. I maneuvered from my spot next to him and came to sit on his lap, legs draped over the other side of him. Moving my hands up his arms, past his shoulders and tangling my fingers with the back of his hair. I parted my mouth and licked my lips. Penny was watching my every move, hands grasping my hips. At the sight of my tongue on my lips, he let out an involuntary groan. I felt him get hard beneath me so I rotated my pelvis once, making my warm core all the warmer against him. I leaned into him and bit down lightly on his earlobe. Releasing it I whispered, "When you've earned it."

Jumping off him, I grabbed my coffee cup and headed for the kitchen needing a refill. I was grinning ear to ear at my personal victory over the big tough monster. Penny had leaned his head back, breathing hard and staring at the ceiling eyes wide open. Probably, getting himself composed I would imagine. I know what effect I have on men and I rarely get to use it on someone I like. Since I've never come across another monster such as Penny I felt powerful knowing I could get this supernatural being to turn into butter because of me. Truth be told, I was also hot and bothered but I knew how to control my inner turmoil. The dampness in my panties reminding me that this

clown also has an effect on me.

I set my mug back on the coffee table before sitting next to Penny who was just coming out of his stupor. My clownboy let out a deep growl and pulled me back into his lap crashing his lips down on me. While our lips drove each other wild I felt a hand creep into my shirt. Pulling away from the kiss I started down into his yellow eyes. "Easy boy," I purred at him. As much as I really did want him to take me right here on the couch again we still had a game to finish. "I believe it's my turn to ask the question next."

"Fine, but you play really, really dirty, Quinn." I was surprised to hear his voice sounding more like Pennywise than Phillip just now. Wow, I must have really turned him inside out just then.

"Alright," I think it was time to bring out a harder question. Something to bring some seriousness back into this 'game' we were playing. "Do you have any ideas on how we might find out what I might be? Other than a now currently unemployed dancer?"

"I do"

The silence following his answer didn't sit very well with me. He obviously knew a possible way to find out but clearly didn't think I could handle it. He had to tell me eventually one way or another. My need to find out what my true origins were was starting to outweigh the risk.

"Tell me, Penny, please. No matter how dangerous it might be, I want to know."

More silence. He was looking very forlorn. My heart sank at the what the answer could be but swelled knowing Penny wanted to defend me from danger. I knew deep down this wasn't going to be an easy thing. My mind and body were both at the conclusion that if I was, in fact, a supernatural being that the only way to discover exactly what I was would be to do something drastic.

"Penny, baby, I'm stronger and tougher than you think. No matter what we have to do I'm prepared to do it with your help. I know you'll protect me."

When I had finished speaking, Phillip leaned down and kiss me again. Except, this time it was a hard, desperate kiss with a promise that I wasn't even aware of yet. Phillip would never hurt me, I knew. But if he had to, if I asked him to, for the sake of knowledge? Could he bring himself to be the one to take that drastic step and so what needed to be done?

Phillips tongue was running over my lip wanting to explore me further. Wanting to taste him back I let him slip past my lips and allowed our tongues to slow dance with each other. I kissed him back with as much passion as he gave me. I was falling for this demon clownboy who very clearly adores me back.

*My clownboy.*

Yet, a sadness was coming from him and I grasped at its meaning.

*I have to hurt you, but I don't want to.*

Regrettably, I broke the kiss first. He still hadn't answered me. The last thing I wanted was to force the answer out of him. There was only one other question I had that was truly important so I might as well ask him now. It's only been two days since I met my clown boy but I couldn't help the way I felt.

"Pennywise, if you," I couldn't say the other word, "*care* about me you'll tell me what you have to do."

The look of pain on his beautiful face was almost my downfall. He couldn't even look at me when he said his next words.

"I think I have to kill you"

---

The air outside was cooler than I had thought. It didn't matter though. Currently, I was unfeeling to the sensation of the weather. To prevent my skin from burning, however, I buried my hands deeper in my vest pockets and continued to walk. With no real destination in mind, I just walked. I traveled up and down the neighborhoods, wanting to find the solution to my problems anywhere but back home. Before I knew it the sky was already darkening with the

setting sun. Even though it was still early, the winter hours brought the night much quicker with every passing day.

*"I think I have to kill you"*

Those words kept coming back, cutting me to the very core everytime my mind replayed them. Phillip/Pennywise didn't say anything to me when I stood up, grabbed my puffy vest and headed for the door. I half expected him to stop me from leaving the house. It was obvious how much I was struggling with this information, he must have sensed I needed to get away. He wasn't wrong. I did need to get away. The thought only frustrated me more because I had come on this vacation to get away in the first place. Now all my plans were backfiring on me. I had only been in Derry for two days and my entire world had been turned upside down.

At this point, the neighborhoods were gone and had been replaced by forest and winding roads. I definitely needed to head back. It was starting to lightly snow again and I know Olivia will be hungry soon. Stopping at a bridge, I stood looking out at the road before me. The covered bridge provided an escape from the snow and but not my thoughts.

Regardless of my feelings, I shouldn't be out here this late, in the cold and grieving like I was already dead. There had to be another way to find out about me. I wasn't going to accept that the only right answer was the most extreme one. What I should be doing is research. There had to be a wealth of knowledge (maybe not all accurate) on the internet. Assuming the supernatural and mystical was to be believed then there was no reason to think that someone hadn't been able to figure this out already.

I wanted to be angry with Pennywise. He hadn't even hurt me yet and I know he didn't want to. It was wrong of me to doubt his loyalty to me in the first place knowing this wasn't his true intention. My clownboy already made it clear that he wants to protect me. I should give him the benefit of the doubt and trust that he will shelter me, even from himself, if need be. Plus, it's not his fault I'm not human. All Penny wants is to help me.

The sound of a car pulling up behind me interrupted my thoughts. I

turned to apologize to the driver for standing in the way but was immediately blinded by the high beams. I lifted my hand to shield my eyes and heard a door open to my right. I couldn't see the driver who stepped out and was walking towards me but my guess was that I was about to get a stern talking to from a local. Putting on my best sweet girl smile I tried to diffuse the situation first.

"Hey, there! Sorry about being in the way. I was just out for a walk and stopped for a breather."

The dark figure came into view after crossing the bright lights. I was about to say something else when the dark figure reached up and grabbed me by the head. I felt the needle pierce my neck before I even had a chance to react.

I hadn't been knocked out but I was dead weight. My conscience was so gone that all I could do was observe around me.

"Shhhh, that's it, shhhh," my attacker said.

Crap. I knew that voice. I wanted to fight back. To cry out but it's like my mind and body didn't care anymore. The only sound I was able to make was a cross between a grunt and gurgle.

Gary Hughes started dragging my limp body back to the car. I continued to make noises at him. Inside, I was kicking and screaming but no part of my body could cooperate. When we got to the trunk my internal screaming amplified as Gary opened the door and was laying my body down inside. I should have never left the house! Pennywise has no idea where I am! Oh God, Gary is going to kill me!

Before Gary closed the trunk and my world went black, I saw a set of yellow eyes on the ceiling of the bridge.

Help me! My mind screamed at Penny. Help!

Nothing.

And then there was darkness.

## 12. Chapter 12: Crazy in Love

**\*Warning\***

This chapter has graphic depictions of abuse, both verbal and physical. Please do not read if you are sensitive to this. You have been warned

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Some of my earliest and treasured childhood memories are of the summers. Particularly, where my parents brought me when the heat was just unbearable and the only way to cool off was the beach or the park district pool. I can remember, as a toddler, slapping my hand on a splash pad, giggling happily as tiny water bubbles gurgled there way out of jets. Later, as a teenager, I recall staring down my first ever enclosed water slide. The look of the green tubed cavern before me was haunting to be sure. I remember thinking how crazy it was that people actually enjoyed going down them. There didn't seem any logical reason why when all I could hear were screams of children down each pipe. Their cries echoed and amplified by the enclosed space of the dark tunnel. As a surge of bravery overtook me I sat down and accepted my fate and slide in and down into the wet abyss. My first instinct was to scream but contained it for fear of water invading my lungs. I couldn't tell if my eyes were closed or not because of the vast darkness that consumed me. However, I survived the terror of the wet ride and was greeted with a large splash at the end and a cheer from my parents.

Now, enclosed in the darkness of Gary's truck, the same fear, and paranoia I had felt when I was enclosed in the waterslide spread over every hair of my body. Only this time, my fears were much more real. Tears slipped down the side of my eyes. This was much more awful then the waterside had ever been.

Gary's been driving for about 10 minutes I think and the whole time he hasn't stopped once. No stop sign or street light has slowed him down. And since I wasn't familiar with the neighborhood well enough it would have been hard for me to determine where we would end up.



I can't believe I was stupid enough to get myself in this position. The second I saw Gary at the grocery store I should have called the police for stalking. I tried to give him the benefit of the doubt because I assumed he was harmless. Oh, how wrong I was.

However, the biggest unwanted surprise of all wasn't Gary Hughes. It was from my clownboy, Pennywise, The Dancing Clown. Right before the trunk door closed, entombing me in darkness, I looked up and out to see that asshole clown on the ceiling, watching me get stuffed into the trunk. Just watching and waiting and not doing a damn thing. So much for being my savior! All these empty promises of protecting me were just that. Fake and unfaithful words. I cursed myself for my own stupidity. I had allowed my body and heart to take command and all it did was get me into danger.

Either way, I shouldn't be wasting my time with how I ended up in this situation. It would be better spent figuring out what to do once we arrived at the destination. Plus, fuck that clown and that piece of shit human! After Gary kills me, which I'm sure is his plan, I'm going to come back as a poltergeist and haunt them both till the ends of fucking time!

Despite my body's lack of movement, I was shaking uncontrollably now. Not from terror, but from anger. The longer this trunk ride lasted, the more violent my thoughts were getting. All I needed was one second of useable limbs and I would kick the absolute shit out of Gary. I'm going to beat him so bad his wife is going to wake up crying. And then...

**IM GOING TO KICK THE SHIT OUT OF THAT MOTHER FUCKING CLOWN!**

Gary came to such an abrupt stop my body rolled to its side facing away from the door. Crap, when he opens the trunk I might not get a good view of where we ended up. I could hear another door opening and felt the movements of someone exiting the vehicle. There wasn't much sound except the occasional foot squishing the snow. There was another door opening and shutting but this time it sounded different. We had to be at a house in the middle of nowhere. If he has a whole entourage of torture devices waiting for me inside then Gary's most likely been planning my demise for a while now. It was only a few

minutes before the trunk door was propped open. As much as I had wanted to look at my attacker with my intense bitch stare, the side which I had rolled onto prevented that.

"Well, well, well. Looks like my sweet Tiff got all jostled around." Even though my body was no longer in my control somehow the sensation of touch was still very awake. Gary lifted me, surprisingly carefully, out of the trunk and lugged me to the door of a small run-down house. My head was rolled back as I was carried bridal style to the front door so I was only able to see the stars in the sky and the treetops that surrounded us. Gary struggled with the door bringing me in but deposited my body on the first hard surface we came across: the kitchen table.

"Oh, Tiffany, you just look lovely spread out for me like this." Gary stared down at me, eyes trailing up and down my immobile body. Again, his hands were on me, this time caressing inside my thigh and dangerously close to the V between them. I wanted to gag and curse at his words but a grunt came out instead.

"Mmm, you like it when I touch you like this don't you, baby? Let's not jump right into things though. I have a long night planned for both of us."

Gary walked out of my peripheral vision, leaving me to contemplate what was about to happen to me. If he was gone then I had no idea what his intentions were. He could be coming back with knives or getting an ax to cut me up with for all I knew. As scary as this situation was, I was getting even angrier every time he put his hands on me. When he's here touching me, my insides start vibrating with rage.

Pennywise still hadn't shown his face yet. I knew he had to be watching these events unfold. Penny's actions still don't make sense to me. Just 2 hours ago he was getting jealous at the idea of me dancing naked in front of other people. Yet, he can watch me get drugged and abducted from a safe vantage point? What the hell was that about? If I get out of here that stupid clown is going to get it.

If.

If I get out of here.

The sound of footsteps and humming caught my attention but my head only adjusted half an inch in an attempt to see where Gary was standing. It was just enough to get a profile of him. He was standing with his back to me, busying himself with whatever he had on the kitchen counter. He turned around then, facing me. Gary was dress just as casually when he comes and visit me at the club. Only this time his button-down shirt was open completely, exposing his hairy chest and middle-age body. Still humming, he walked over to my feet and that's when I noticed he had something in his hand.

The scissors Gary had in his hand looked like something out of a doctors office. I briefly saw him lift them but then the sounds of them slicing through fabric. I realized he was cutting my clothing away from my body. He started at my ankles, slipping the scissors just under the tights I was wearing. The sound of the scissors opening and closing while making that metal on metal sound was all I heard. Because he was touching me the vibrations continued again. Except, this time they were more intense and seemed to be noticeable to me only. Gary must not have felt me vibrating because he made no comment about them.

By the time the scissors had reached my pelvis Gary had started at the other ankle, cutting upwards to the other side. Reaching my waist again, he cut through each underwear strap and pulled hard enough to rip everything away. I lay there completely naked from the waist down except for the gym shoes I had on from my run with Olivia. Looking back now it seems like ages ago I was running through the forest calmly with my dog. As angry as I was it Pennywise, I hope he looked after her once I was gone.

"Jesus, Tiffany." he let out in a whisper. "Even your pussy is beautiful. I just knew it would be."

The vibration was getting worse. His words igniting a hatred in me I didn't even know existed. This man was going to abuse me in every way possible. I still wasn't sure what his end result for me was but I know now what part of his intentions are. As much as I wanted to shut my brain down when it came time for him to violate me, the feeling of my blood boiling became more noticeable. Each vein was

beginning to feel like lava running thru it.

Gary used the scissors to cut away the vest and my tight runner top. The only thing I had left was my bra. He made short work of that by allowing one final snip at the material between my breast. I now lay there completely exposed except for my shoes. We never got fully naked at the club I worked for but showing your breast was highly encouraged. The more skin, the more money, the more business. However, the look on Gary's face was different than any other time he's seen my naked chest. He looked crazed, any second he might just lose it and rape me now. The last thing I needed was this psychopath to get any crazier.

As if reading my thoughts, Gary's hands were all over me just then. He was kneading one of my breasts roughly while rubbing his whole hand over the exposed skin between my legs. I was disgusted and willed my head to look away but was unable too. Bile rose up in the back of my throat. It took every ounce of strength I had but somehow I was able to lift my hand in an attempt to push him away. Unfortunately, my hand only raised about an inch off the table before falling back to where it now rested. Gary noticed my hand move and finally acknowledged my shaking.

"Hush, now baby. I know how excited you are to be with me," he cooed, still manhandling my breast and vagina. "The tranquilizer I gave you is wearing off a little faster than I wanted. That's Okay, though. We're gonna play a game first before I take from you what I've been paying for all these months."

With that, Gary leaned down and kissed me. I haven't had any movement restored to my mouth yet otherwise I would have bit his lips clean off. Gary's tongue danced over my teeth, his saliva mixing with mine. Trust me, if it weren't for the insane amount of hatred and rage coursing through my entire being I might have thrown up. Instead, my insides hummed even more as Gary pressed his mouth harder into mine and slid his tongue in and out of my mouth.

I hoped any second Pennywise would pop up and rip Gary away from me.

Any second.

Please, Penny.

I let my mind go blank trying to avoid the assault taking place against me as new tears slid down past my temples.

Penny.

Please.

PLEASE!

Help.

---

Luckily, Gary didn't seem keen on abusing me right away. I took it as a blessing since every second he wasted my body was slowing getting mobility back. After Gary stopped kissing and groping me he moved me to this strange looking chair in the living room. I've been sitting like this for almost 20 minutes, alone. There was an occasional tingle as my body was starting to wake up. Blinking and holding my head up was better, even if not 100%. My lips were able to move a bit which allowed me to form some words. Also, I'd actually been able to control my fingers and toes a bit. Now that my limbs were becoming alert I was also painfully aware of how uncomfortable the position I was left in was.

Initially, when Gary had fixed me into the chair he stepped back. He just stood there, admiring his handiwork, before nodding in satisfaction than walking away again. I'd never seen anything like this chair before. It reminded me of an old-fashioned wooden high chair mixed with a gynecologist table. I was sitting upright in this freak show exam chair but with my legs in each stirrup which caused my legs and knees to be pushed in and out. My hands were tied to the arms of the chair, my ankles the same but to the stirrups. I was still naked and completely exposed, even more so since the position left my thighs completely spread open.

I made an attempt to pull and tug slightly at the ties against my wrist. Nothing. The silk rope Gary used was much stronger than I anticipated. Also, leaning forward a small bit I was able to make out some pretty intricate knotwork at the bottoms of the armchair. For a

second, I thought about starting to chew through the rope but that would take to long time. Plus, I wasn't even sure I had the energy for that. If only a certain clown would get his ass in gear and just fucking rescue me already! Pennywise is probably just enjoying the view until the last second possible.

"S-upod c-own," I mumbled out. "P-unwise...elp 'e."

"Now, now, darling. I wouldn't waste all your precious energy on trying to call out for help," Gary told me as he strolled out of a room down the hall. He wasn't wrong. My head was getting heavy so I let it roll and rest on my shoulder. I really wanted to tell my kidnapper to go fuck himself sideways. However, "uck oo" came out instead. That's when I noticed what Gary was wearing.

Gary was dressed in a matching black silk robe, boxers, and slippers. The robe was open just like his shirt had been, unbuttoned and very freeing. Before I could make out his hairy chest but now I could see that he was pretty fuzzy everywhere. In his hand was a whip and on his face was a black mask which covered everything but his mouth. Seeing him with the mask on was too much. What in the world was he dressed like this for? Did he honestly need to hide his face? Did he think I was stupid and I wouldn't know it was him who kidnapped me? If anything he looked like a terrible cosplayer of Batman after a nap. Slopppy giggling forced its way of of my mouth. Or what passed as chucking when your motor skills are not all there. My already vibrating body was on the verge of shaking uncontrollably. I took in a large breath of air in an attempt to control myself but as I let it out a loud barking laugh came out instead. Gary continued to stare at me, looking very displeased. Who did he think he was fooling? It's just him and me. Did he think I wouldn't recognize him once he got his dumb mask on? LOL! What a moron!

My head was thrown back from laughing. My eyes tearing up every time I glanced at Gary's getup. I must have looked like a raving lunatic sitting in this creepy chair, strapped down like in a torture porn, yet laughing hysterically. Half a minute later, I was finally able to calm down enough to look over at Gary without a new wave of chuckles taking over. Unfortunately, the pissed off and offended look he gave me started my laughing fit all over again. Damn, I'm really losing it.

Gary must have realized I was laughing at him and not just a lunatic. In one fast motion, he stepped over to me and slapped me hard across the face, the laughter ceasing instantly. My head spun so hard to the right my hair whipped me in the eye. I was just turning my head back to spit at my attacker when his other hand came in contact with my other cheek, whipping my head and hair to the other side. Gary abruptly grabbed my face, forcing me to look at him.

"You think you get to keep treating me like shit?! Well, guess what, Tiffany!? Your tight ass belongs to me and only me from now on! I think you need a reminder of who's in control now you heartless bitch!" The grip on my face was getting so tight during his speech I was sure I would have bruises all over my face. I cried out when Gary finally let me go.

"I'm going to break you, Tiffy baby. You've been bad and bad girls get punished. I'm going to hit you for every time you made me believe you loved me back." At first, I thought he was going to slap me again. That's when I remembered he had a hold of a whip.

Gary pulled back his arm, the braided leather tail dragging behind. I refused to close my eyes. I was going to face this head on. I've used whips and handcuffs on the stage but those were props so no harm ever came to me or my audience. I watched as he quickly rushed his hand forward and in slow motion, I watched as the whip closed in on me. At first, I thought he might have missed me all together but the nearer the whip got, I soon realized that he was right on target.

Crack!

The scream I let out sounded otherworldly as I felt the unfamiliar sting across my labia. I really wasn't prepared for the sensation of having my skin flayed but no one could have prepared me for this. Another lash came out and this time it hit me across the face and chest. There were small attempts at shifting out of the way but it was no use. Where a welt would have been I could feel warm liquid running off my cheek.

"WHY COULDN'T YOU JUST LOVE ME BACK!?"

Crack! Another lashing, this time straight across my left breast.

"-leasss oooooooo!" I wailed. I could feel my vibrations were getting out of hand from the hurt he kept causing me.

Crack! The whip raced across my inner thigh to my bottom ass cheek. How Gary couldn't see my body vibrating so violently was beyond me.

"I BET YOU SPREAD YOUR CUNT WIDE OPEN FOR THAT PRETTY BOY TOY OF YOURS!

CRACK!

"HOW DO YOU LIKE HAVING YOUR PUSSY SPREAD OPEN FOR ME!"

A new trail of blood ran down my calf and onto the floor. My anger and rage were also causing me pain but I couldn't pinpoint where the pain was. It felt everywhere and nowhere all at once.

CRACK! "FUCKING WHORE!"

My cried and howls of agony were drowned out by Gary lashing out at me, both with the whip and his words.

CRACK! "ALL THE YEARS YOU SHOOK YOUR TITS AT ME!

CRACK! "HOW MANY COCKS WERE YOU SUCKING WHILE I PUT MONEY IN YOUR POCKET?!"

CRACK! "I COULD HAVE LOVED YOU BETTER THAN ANY OF THEM!"

I could feel every hair on my skin, every muscle tightening back into consciousness. Somehow the pain was making things clearer and helped push me out of my drug-induced inebriation.

"FUCK YOU, GARY!" Wow, it felt amazing to speak again!

CRACK! "I DIDN'T GIVE YOU PROMISE TO TALK, SLUT!"

"You're going to regret this!" I screamed back him.



CRACK! "SHUT YOUR WHORE MOUTH!"

All of my body felt like it had turned to liquid hot iron and not from the damage to my skin. The intense heat I could feel spreading across my whole body was overwhelming. I began screaming from the pain as it became worse than what Gary was inflicting on me. What was happening to me!?

CRACK! "KEEP SCREAMING, BITCH. NO ONE CAN HEAR!"

The howls of pain I was letting out was making Gary all the more psychotic. Every time he sent the whip through the air it was worse than the last. Soon my skin would be nothing but open gashes and welts.

CRACK! CRACK!

"STOP, PLEASE STOP!" My insides had to be melting from the fire spread in me. Gary was crazed with beating me he hadn't even noticed my bloodied body twitching frantically.

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

I heard an ear-splitting growl and without warning, my body erupted into white-hot light.

## 13. Chapter 13: Happy

### Chapter Thirteen

#### Pennywise POV

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I have walked this planet for eons.

Slumbering and eating peacefully as years of time pass by in the blink of an eye. However, the fear I have consumed in the past millennia could not equal the amount of fear my own body convulsed with when I watched my favorite thing taken right before my eyes.

When his time comes, I WILL DEVOUR THIS HUMAN!

My claws gripped the wood on the bridge. Cracks spreading like lightning, splinters flying everywhere.

NO ONE HURTS WHATS MINE!

Not only could I smell the fear coming from my Quinn, but I was able to smell my own for the first time.

Right before the trunk door closed, Quinn looked right at me. No human could ever make me shake with fear. Just another reason I knew Quinn isn't what she seems.

That look.

Its bore into my soul (or what passes for one in a monster like me). That same look had so much betrayal shining out of it I wanted to run away and never look back. Maybe I was soulless since I was already thinking like a coward.

My poor Quinn.

My Peaches.

I'm so sorry.

---

FUCK! I NEED TO KILL HIM NOW!

NO! I have to wait!

I don't know if I can hold back much longer.

My red eyes followed Gary as I watched him do horrible things to my Quinn. It was killing me to see him touch her.

Kiss her.

Grope her beautiful body.

UGGHHH AHHH! I can't! I can't do this!She's never going to forgive me!

I still stayed invisible. There was no other way.

The sight of Quinn spread open, her beautiful and delicious pussy was making my cock twitch. Drool was running down my chin at the sight.

Fuck! It's been ages since I've had her moaning from my cock.

Focus, you idiot! Our Quinn is in trouble, not on display for play time! I moved to stand right behind her to keep me from getting distracted.

Right, Quinn is my priority.

The human male raised his pudgy arm and I watched as the cord in his hand was hurled down. Quinn's face fell to the side in an attempt to get away. When I saw the delicate skin open on her face and the sight of her precious blood flowing out of her... I almost pounced, killing him instantly.

THE PAIN HE WILL EXPERIENCE WILL BE ENDLESS!

I knew it was his plan to hurt her. I could see it in his mind back at the store, all the different ways he wanted to torture my girl.

But she needed to be hurt. There was no other way to bring out her

true form unless she was almost dead. Before, I was torn between the possibility that either I would be the one to assist in her transformation or kill her outright. At least this way I didn't have to be the one to do it. But it never crossed my mind how hard it would be to watch.

Stop whining! She's just a plaything!

But this is the coward's way. It should have been me helping her do this. Not by the hands of a fucking human!

And Quinn, she is my favorite, my peaches. My girl.

There's never gonna be another like her. Even if there was, she wouldn't be mine. They wouldn't be like my Peaches.

Every time he struck her with the leather rope I felt an unfamiliar chill run down my spine.

Something's wrong.

Why is she twitching like that? There was a noticeable heat coming from her. And her screaming has changed. I clenched my fist to stop myself from interrupting, growling in frustration at not being able to help.

A roar expelled from her open mouth but more high pitched. I didn't even flinch as thousands of tiny glass shards flew in every direction.

OHHHHH, finally! This is it! Hooray!

The light that shot out of Quinn was nothing I had ever seen before. Gary was on the floor in a fetal position, covered in glass.

Can we butt in now!?

No, not ready yet! Not until she's fully changed.

Look, look, look! Oh shit!

Quinn wrapped her hands around her skull in a useless attempt to prevent her body changing.

I watched in absolute fascination as small pointed objects began to protrude and grow from the top of her head and forehead next to her hair. The horns growing long and curling, finally connecting together after about 6- 7 inches had extended out. Quinn's hair was changing too. Her original color was being replaced from top to bottom by a deep blood red color.

The raging hard-on between my legs was beyond my control I didn't even bother hiding it. I was hypnotized by this breathtaking event. Even the high pitched screaming was music to my monster ears.

Suddenly, a long smooth black tail shot out like a bullet from the small of her back. It had to be 3-4 feet long. It was smooth just like her horns had been.

Lastly, blood was pouring out of her shoulder blades as the skin there split apart. The gash was only a few inches but was enough room for enormous black wings to burst forward. At first, the wings looked smooth from the blood covering them. As they stretched up and out I could see that they looked like feathers. My hands began excitedly clapping while hoots of gleeful laughter burst forth all the while Quinn continued her violent battle cry.

I still wasn't sure what my sweet cheeks had just turned into but I was looking forward to telling her my guess.

Oh boy!

## 14. Chapter 14: Birthday

Chapter Fourteen

...Birthday

\*Warning\*

This chapter has graphic depictions of abuse, both verbal and physical.

Please do not read if you are sensitive to this.

You have been warned

---

~!BOOM!~

Blinding rays of light were bursting out of every open gash. My screaming from before had turned into an unrecognizable shrill, sounding like the whistle of a kettle. That high pitch caused windows and mirrors to shatter around the room, sending shards in all different directions. Pennywise could be heard faintly laughing with excitement from somewhere behind me. The fever scorching my body burned away at the ropes that were holding my body into place.

At the crown of my skull came the horrible sound of cracking and splitting. Reaching up, I wrapped my arms around my head. Knives felt as if they were tearing away at the flesh on my shoulder blades and the small of my back. The urge to pass out was strong yet my mind was racing. If someone t-boned my truck off a bridge, tossing me around inside, while it rolled down a hill and then ejected me into a bonfire - that still wouldn't come close to what I was enduring at this moment. It didn't seem possible for one woman to experience such suffering and survive.

As if someone hit an OFF switch, the pain and burning I was feeling everywhere left in an instant. Small cries were still escaping my open mouth, horrified at what just happened to me. Sweat was running down my face and my back felt like it had weights on it. Cautiously, I

lifted my feet out of the stirrups and made an attempt to stand up. After too many hours with unusable limbs and god knows what else just happened, my legs buckled from under me. When I landed on the floor shards of glass pierced my hip and hands. I sat there, crying softly and feeling defeated when I sensed a presence to my right.

"Peaches..."

Tears and fear spread across my face I looked directly into Pennywise eyes. There were so many emotions coming from. In his eyes there was a concern but his smile was a smirk of excitement. I can't even images what my face was showing but I'm sure it wasn't pretty. As much as I wanted to deck the clown for standing around for not rescuing me, I couldn't. With a deep sigh, I swallowed the pride in my throat and spoke.

"Penny, can you uh" I paused, clearing my throat and regaining my composure, "...can you please help me off the floor?"

With more compassion I thought possible, Pennywise gently scooped me up and carried me to the kitchen table I was stripped on earlier. Priority one was to get the glass out of me. Reaching down, I grabbed at the biggest piece in my hip and pulled it out quickly. Crying out again I watched as blood streamed down my thigh. A gust of wind blew a few items around the room from what could only be described as wings behind me.

"Quick, grab me a towel to stop the bleeding", I demand of Penny. He was glued to the sight of the blood running out of me. I asked him again but this time he just pointed at my thigh, whispering "look".

We both watched in awe as the open wound was closing and healing on its own. Muscles were stitching back together and my skin sealed shut without scaring. I quickly looked at Pennywise needing an answer but the huge toothy grin on his face was all the answer I needed.

I was indestructible, like him.

One by one, Penny and I pulled all the glass pieces out and watched each one heal itself. Even with my body's newfound healing I still felt

every jagged piece get removed. When I was glass free, Pennywise leaned down and licked the blood off my hip. A deep moaned escaped my lips while his long, coarse tongue slid over my sensitive skin. "Mmm, keep that up lover and I'll be likely to forgive you for earlier." Pulling back my foot, I planted it on his chest, shoving Pennywise away mid licking to stop him before we both lost it.

Step one before my overactive sex drive took over, is to do a personal inventory. I desperately wanted to look in the mirror but every glass in this room was shattered. Noticing a larger piece of mirror on the floor in the living room I pointed to it and asked the clown to bring it to me. Pennywise was hesitant at first but eventually, he retrieved it and held it up before me.

Oh, holy fuck.

Well, the good news was all of the gashes on my body were healed. The bad news was I kinda looked like the devil. So, yea, that's a thing now. My skin hadn't changed color but there were some other obvious changes to my appearance.

Horns were protruding from my skull. One set was coming from my forehead by my hairline while the other curled upwards to connect with the second set that was offset a bit at my crown. They almost looked like polished tourmaline, they were so smooth. My original hair color was completely gone. In its place was a black to blood red ombre which I didn't mind the look of at all.

Out of all my physical changes, the tail and wings were the hardest to comprehend. The wings and tail at my back were as black as my horns. The wings looking more similar to a raven or crow. In the right light, blue and purple danced and shimmered throughout them. I focused my thoughts to try and move them and was amazed at the wingspan they had. It had to be nearly over 5 feet. I stood up from the table, my balance having been recovered, and turned to look at my tail in the mirror. It started between the small of my back and the crack of my ass, right where my tailbone would be. Not only was it long but the end was tipped like an arrowhead. It also was black as the rest of my new appendages.

I turned again to fully take in the new me. Okay, my Inner Brain



coming out of her shell, I have to admit we look like a badass bitch. I smiled at myself in the mirror. Yea, I totally did.

Looking down, it finally dawned on me I was still naked. I blushed deeply and made a poor attempt at covering my nudity. Pennywise tossed the mirror aside, it shattering as it hit the wall, and pulled me close to him.

"Don't for one second hide your glorious body from me."

There was a moment where I thought for sure I was going to yell and scream at him. I was still royally pissed off at him and yet I get why he didn't intervene. However, it was hard to be mad at someone who was planting sweet kisses on my face while he had a tight grab on my butt.

"And don't you think for one second that you're off the hook that easy. I can't just erase 3 hours of torture from my brain because I like the way my ass feels in your hands." I gave him a hard stare but he put on a fake pout complete with huge puppy dog eyes. The grip on my ass was getting tighter as he continued to grope me. I hissed in a breath from the pain. Damn clown, I couldn't help but smile.

I was just about to lean in and plant a kiss on my clown boy when the sound of a groan coming from the floor caught my attention. Glancing around Penny's body, I looked down and realized Gary was restrained on the ground. I can't believe I actually forgot all about my abductor. Gary was being held down, spread eagle, by over 2 dozen wooden hands. They were basically part of the flooring and ranged in size from toddler to adult. Except for the small cuts from the glass on his skin and clothes he was still dressed in his silk black get up. Good thing Pennywise remembered to stop him escaping because I had a very big bone to pick with that asshole. Still naked, I sauntered over to Gary, stopping between his legs. Hands on my hips and cocked to one side, I narrowed my eyes and explain to him his fate.

"So, Gary. I'm sure you have a lot of questions. Let me introduce you to my boyfriend. This is Pennywise, The Dancing Clown. Basically, I'm dating a demon and after I'm done hurting you he's gonna get his turn." Gary's expression was already wide-eyed and full of terror. My goal was to remove all emotion from his eyes. "Also, my name is

Quinn, not Tiffany. Not that you'll ever get a chance to say it."

Turning, I noticed Pennywise was leaning his left side against the odd chair, watching the exchange between Gary and myself. There was an adorable smirk on his face. "What's so funny, clownboy?" I asked him, crossing my arms over my chest.

"Just enjoying the show," Penny said, flashing me his bunny teeth. "I'm looking forward to whatever you're going to do to the human."

"Mm-hmm, well watch him while I go find something to wear. As much as I like your eyes wandering all over me I think this creep has seen enough, don't you think?"

"Just say the word, peaches, and I'll rip his eyes out and give them to you."

"Aw, would you really?" Gary's muffled screams could be heard from behind me.

"I'd do anything for you, Quinn"

"Is it weird that I find that insanely sweet?" Huh, maybe some personality changes come with this new body? "Part of me wants to be all 'No that's a terrible idea, Mister!'," I said with a silly baby voice then switching to low and sexy, "But another part of me wants to say 'Oh, baby, my panties are wet just thinking about it!

"I'll be making your panties wet later, my little devil," he said with his own devilish grin.

That grin alone was making me damp. I'm not sure why I feel like I want to be bent over and fucked till broken but it was making my thighs quiver thinking about Pennywise between them. Woah, calm down raging new hormones.

Giggling like a smitten high schooler I ran to another room looking for anything to cover up my nudity. Gary's 'supplies' didn't consist of anything other than sex toys and a few edible items for himself. There was one lingerie outfit that was tucked away under a bunch of dildos and duck tape. The top had a leather collar with a ring at the throat. From that, there was one long piece of thin, sheer black fabric

that looped through the ring and wrapped like a reverse halter top. I snapped the collar in place and tied the black fabric around my waist after crisscrossing it over each breast. There was also one pair of silk black panties and simple strappy heels. Well, it's not a lot to cover up with but I'll be damned if I wear anything of Gary's.

After I was dressed, I came back out to the living room. The wooden hands still held Gary down but he was against the wall instead of the floor. I had just taken another step when beneath my shoe I felt something other than glass. It was the whip Gary had used to flay me with earlier. Picking it up, I draped the cord around my neck and moved to stand in front of my abuser. Staring at him with disgust, he continued to cry while I contemplated his fate.

Firm gloved hands came from behind me and grabbed my waist. Leaning back into the clown's embrace, Penny's sweet and metallic breath invaded my senses as he whispered in my ear. "Listen, my sweet peach. One of my many talents includes the ability to discover the deepest fear of humans. Can you guess what this pitiful lump of flesh fears the most?"

I wasn't sure if this was a game or a test to see if this new disguise came with abilities. An answer was on the tip of my tongue but I wanted to be sure before blurting it out. Keeping watch on Gary's captive form I focused on his face and the tears streaming down them. As if sensing my concentration, Pennywise continued to counsel me.

"Close your eyes and take in his emotions. He's scared of you. Can you feel it?"

Eyes closed, I cleared my mind and listened to the soft cries directly in front of me. At first, there was nothing except for the sound of my own heartbeat in my ears. But then, from the darkness behind my eyelids, different shapes were becoming visible. Each image was over in a flash and Gary was at the center on them all.

There were so many women. So many smiling faces that were young and full of life. My mind played like a movie as I watched the light get snuffed out of each one. Some were tortured to death, others he used their bodies for days before burying them alive. Countless

bodies of streetwalkers, escorts, strippers, online hookups. All of them rotting beneath the earth in various locations. It became clear as day to me what Gary feared most. He was so terrified of it that he became its zealot.

It was pain.

It was the thing that tormented him every day. I didn't know his backstory and probably never will. Something must have made Gary what he is and whatever it was it was up to me and Pennywise to stop it from happening again. If I were to look in the mirror I would physically see a monster. But looking into the deepest part of a real monster was more horrific than anything I had imagined.

"Do it, Quinn", Pennywise growled his hot breath in my ear. "Take his life."

Could I do it?

Could I take another life and save another because of it?

How could we allow a monster like this to continue to live?

How many times did he slip money in my hands that might have come from the purse of a victim?

I hung my head down, my fiery hair falling around me. The thought caused bile to rise in my throat. I would have just been another body buried the ground but I stopped him. All because Pennywise told me I was different. Now it's my responsibility to stop this monster before he can take another life. I'll be damned if I let him hurt other women again. Women like me.

The same shaking I experienced earlier in the chair was coming back. Pennywise must have sensed it because he let me go and took a step back. Looking up at Gary I turned full bitch mode on. I was concentrating and channeling my rage into my limbs. My nails were getting longer, my teeth sharper. I must have looked terrifying because Gary's eyes were wide and bulging, his screams muffled by the wooden hands.

"I'm going to break you, Gary. You've been bad and bad boy's get

punished."

Repeating the same words to him that he spoke to me earlier brought me such satisfaction. The first crack of the whip on Gary's skin made me quiver. Almost like my body had been tense and needed the release. The second time split open some skin on his chest, blood dripping down onto his belly. The sight of the blood made my mouth water. Gary's failed attempts to move away from each blow was making Pennywise hoot with glee, the sound sexy and encouraging. With every strike, my body responded like a lovers touch were caressing my skin. Each tear on Gary's skin deeper than the last.

After 80 or so lashes I was a sweaty, sexually charged mess. Gary had gone unconscious sometime during the 40th hit. His body was destroyed beyond anything recognizable. Lacerations from his face to his thighs oozed and spilled into the already large pool of blood on the ground.

God, what is happening to me?

I turned around looking for Pennywise. My clown was still there, eyes glowing red and teeth as sharp as mine. Walking over to the table I set the whip down, hanging my head. Seriously, what was happening to me? My human upbringing was preventing me from finishing the job but the new demon side of me wanted to whip this asshole to death. This man had tortured me and would have done worse except my shapeshift prevented it. I was a survivor but everything was different now. Not only did I have to solve the issue of having a demon clown for a boyfriend and a hellhound for a dog but my new look needed to be discussed further. My temples were beginning to pound from the stress. All I really wanted now was to go back to the rental and snuggle with my puppy and Penny. I could figure out the rest tomorrow.

I turned around when I heard whimpers coming from Gary again. Even If I couldn't kill, I was interested to see what Pennywise would do instead. "Penny-love, I want more than anything than to see this waste of breath void of life. I just...this isn't something I'm ready for."

Pennywise must have been patiently waiting for me. The smell of blood was overpowering in the room and it was causing the demon

clown to salivate like mad. Huge strands of drool hung from his mouth and had drenched the front of this costume. Without saying a word to me, Pennywise reached Gary in three long strides. The wooden hands disappeared instantly as Pennywise grabbed Gary in both hands, his feet dangling about 2 feet off the ground. Gary could only continue to whimper and moan as Pennywise gave him his final testimony. "You hurt my peaches, human. NO ONE hurts what is mine and livesss." Pennywise hissed in Gary's face, more drool running down his chin. The clown leaned in and inhaled deeply from Gary's open wounds. "Ah, you reek of fearrr."

Without flinching or looking away, I witnessed the end of Gary Hughes. Pennywise leaned his head back, the same sharp teeth he was sporting earlier grew long and became numerous. Penny's mouth had become so open and wide it thought for sure he would swallow Gary whole. In one motion, Pennywise snapped his head forward and clamped his open maw over Gary's head and shoulders, removing them in the process. The torso and limbs that were still in Penny's grip were twitching uncontrollably. Dropping the decapitated carcass, Penny grabbed a leg and tore it clean off, spraying myself and the wall with droplets of warm blood. I witnessed each appendage get removed and devoured by my boyfriend clown. This was the first time I had witnessed him eat which, in retrospect, makes sense as to why he wouldn't eat my own cooking. I guess fried eggs don't come close to human flesh. The sounds of wet meat could be heard along with crunching and grinding as Penny hunched over the remains on the floor.

When Pennywise turned, his yellow eyes blazing at me, his whole upper body was drenched in blood and gore. IT was a beautiful sight to be sure. I took a few steps towards, walking over blood, glass, and carnage. It wasn't until I was standing right in front of Penny that I noticed he was holding something in his hand.

"Well, you certainly look like you enjoyed yourself. What's that you got there?" I nodded my head towards his clenched fist.

"For you"

Pennywise raised his arm to me and unwrapped his fingers around what he was holding. In the palm of his gloved hand was the heart of

Gary Hughes. This was more than just a dead organ he was presenting me with. It was a gift of fealty. Offering me the heart of my enemy was something right out of National Geographic. Penny was giving me his devotion. His faithfulness. His love.

I held out both hands and accepted the heart. There was a powerful, wild hunger that overtook me as I stared down at the heart in my hand. Like a scene out of Snow White, I bit down onto the heart like the poisoned apple. The muscle tissue gave away easily with my sharp new demon fangs. My eyes fluttering closed as the taste of it flooded the inside of my mouth. Nothing has ever tasted sweeter or as savory in my life.

It was then my mind realized what it had done and I turned my head and threw up.

Pennywise, having watched the whole exchange, threw his head back and roared with laughter. "Guess it's not for everyone, HAHA!"

Still doubled over and gagging I held my finger up indicating I'd be with him in a moment, inciting a new wave of laughter from the clown. What the hell? One minute I'm eating a heart like a starved manic and the next I'm purging it. Fuck you, new emotions!

While the last of the gagging was gone and I was reduced to just spitting, I was finally able to collect myself and stand back upright. The smirk on my clownboy's face was irritating and cute. "Listen, let's just pretend that didn't happen and we can all move on from here. Agreed?"

Still giggling, Pennywise agreed with a nod and jingle of bells from his suit.

"So, you're covered in blood. I'm covered in blood, vomit and God knows what else. What do you say we find a place to wash up. I need a drink and shower, badly."

"Well, it just so happens that there is a quarry not far from here. What do you say, Peaches? Wanna get wet with me?"

Oh, you naughty, naughty clown. I reached down with the hand not

holding Gary's heart and took hold of the gloved hand of Pennywise.

"Abso-fucking-lutely." Before we walked out of the house of horrors hand in hand, I tossed the heart over my shoulder. "Lead the way, lover."